Yours, as ever

John A. Clark

THE

LIFE OF REV. JOHN CLARK.

By Rev. B. M. HALL.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

By BISHOP MORRIS.

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PREFACE.

In the autumn of 1854, an association of ministers, assembled from the cities of Albany and Troy, and the villages adjacent, adopted a resolution, requesting me to "prepare a biography of our esteemed brother, the late Rev. John Clark," and publish it in such form as I should judge proper.

In compliance with this request, I immediately wrote to the widow of Mr. Clark, informing her of the action of the association, and asking for the loan of such papers as were in her possession, and which would aid me in the undertaking. To this request Mrs. Clark cheerfully and promptly responded; and, in concert with her son, John Emory Clark, she has given me all the aid in her power.

I also published a card in the Christian Advocate and Journal, soliciting the use of

letters, &c., from the friends of Mr. Clark, who might have such in possession; and also asking for facts and incidents relating to his life and character. This public call secured two responses in the course of six months! I then saw that the idea of preparing a biography must be abandoned, or some other course must be taken to secure the necessary material.

I then commenced a personal correspondence with many friends in the regions of Mr. Clark's life and labors, and by this means was enabled to obtain considerable aid. Although I have been delayed in the work while waiting for answers from those whom I have consulted, yet, by patient endurance, I have succeeded beyond my early hope in securing the desired information. And to all who have rendered aid I here express my gratitude and acknowledge my obligations. I need not record their names. Mr. Clark's papers were few, and most of them were nearly destroyed by bilge-water on their way by water from Illinois to Texas. Indeed, they are, to a great extent, illegible, while some portions of the paper itself is literally destroyed. Those injured sheets con-

tain his journal, kept during his connection with the Indian missions, and, but for the aid derived from his printed communications to the Board, the journal would have been unintelligible. During his long journey to Texas he kept a diary, the most of which is inserted in this work. He had also, at the request of his family, a little before his death, commenced a brief sketch of his life, intending to re-write his journal, as well as record the prominent incidents in his life, of which no record had been made. But his sketch is only an account of the time and place of his birth, an allusion to the condition of his father's family, his own apprenticeship, and his conversion. The whole covers but seven pages of foolscap, yet this is a most important portion of his writings, for it supplies that which no other hand could furnish.

Had he kept a full and regular journal, who can doubt but a Life could have been presented to the public of unusual interest? His long and varied labors, both in the chilling regions of Lake Superior, and on the sunny plains of Texas, as well as his circuit, and station, and district work, must have afforded

enough of incident to enrich his biography beyond most works of the kind. But regrets are vain, though so much must remain unwritten.

It is hoped, however, that what is written may prove useful, and that the reader will find not only a little entertainment for a passing hour, but also some profit to the mind and heart. To the young minister who is struggling with poverty, and lamenting his lack of the aids which science and literature, as taught in the schools, might furnish, here is presented an example which may both stimu and cheer him in his "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

With trembling hope, this book is offered to the public.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

To trace the history of any prominent individual from infancy to hoary age, through all the stages of human life, has ever been a matter of intense interest. The incidents of childhood, youth, manhood, and declining years, are all full of instruction to us who are following on in life's pilgrimage. The future of our own life's history is all vailed in total mystery, only as we may infer it from that of those who have preceded us. We naturally wish to know what befell those who preceded us on the journey which we are now prosecuting; what plans were resorted to by them to accomplish the end of human happiness, with their successes and failures, and what led to the one or the other, that we may choose the good and refuse the evil. It is a practical question, one of personal application and utility. What wise man would encounter a long journey through an extensive wilderness, and take all risk of losing his way, without first obtaining suitable directions? and to whom should he apply for information, but to such as had

learned the way by experience and observation? And shall we run at random on the journey of human life, ignorant of the way before us? or shall we consult the way-notes of those who have preceded us? Then let us read and study biography.

Christian biography is as much more important than that of irreligious people, as the interests of eternity are greater than those of time. In this brief state of probation alone we may prepare for the felicity which awaits the faithful in the coming life. And while we are to regard the Bible as our constitutional directory, and Christ as our only hope, it becomes us to understand how others, going before us, learned to practice the former, and embrace and trust in the latter unto final salvation. How suitable and profitable it is for us to ascertain correctly how the excellent of the earth found the way of life in Christ, followed it to the end, and obtained the inheritance of the saints in light; and then endeavor to imitate their example, that we may share in the promised reward above. Then let us avail ourselves of Christian biography, both sacred and inspired, as a valuable mode of instruction.

Again, each individual is specially interested in knowing how any of his own craft have gained a position of prominence and success, that he may go and do likewise. Farmers, mechanics, merchants, teachers, statesmen, and professional men, look each to the prominent men of his particular calling for

light upon his own pathway. In this respect ministers of the Gospel are like other men, interested in learning how they may best succeed in promoting the cause in which they are engaged. Theirs is a high and holy calling, involving the greatest responsibility; as shepherds they are required to watch over their respective flocks as they who must give an account. And who is sufficient for these things? None of us without grace; our sufficiency is of Christ. Now, ministers possessing a due sense of obligation naturally turn attention to ministerial biography, and mark the course of such brethren as have made full proof of their ministry, and have been regarded by the people as able ministers of the New Testament. The apostles of Christ were perfect models of ministerial excellence. But as we may not presume to reach the standard of those inspired men, it becomes us to imitate such as, in our own circumstances, most nearly approximate it. Our Saviour said of an humble individual, "She hath done what she could," and if the same may be said of us in the end, all will be well. God requires nothing impossible.

The work before us will afford much of interest to the pious reader. Though the author and the subject of biography were intimate personal friends, it exhibits on the face thereof the marks of truth and candor. While the excellences of Mr. Clark are noted in temperate language, and chiefly by a fair record of facts, there is no effort to conceal his real

or supposed defects. This is as it should be in all such works. The greatest and best of men are liable to err, and so was he; yet there is very much to approve, and exceeding little from which to dissent, in his case. But few men ever pass the ordeal of life so free from blame as did our lamented Clark, and but few ever excel him in practical usefulness. He was one of that veteran band of pioneers born in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and who figured so prominently in the ranks of Methodism during the past generation. They have mostly disappeared from the militant Church, and gone to the Church above, "that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them," while we are thereby encouraged to follow on to the end of our probation.

My own acquaintance with Brother Clark began in 1839, when he was Presiding Elder on Chicago District, then of the Illinois Conference, over which I presided. Subsequently we were often associated together in our official relations, in various sections of the work, as well as socially. I ever found him wise in council and prompt in action, and of marked fidelity in his official duties. He proved himself in various positions, on circuits, stations, districts, and border missions, equal to the task assigned him. In social life he was an example of dignity, suavity, and generosity; while in his own family he was justly appreciated as a kind husband and father. Upon

the whole, he was a choice man, one who excelled in moral virtue, consistent piety, and ministerial usefulness. I had every opportunity that could be desired to learn his character. The overland trip we made together in 1841, from St. Louis to Rutersville, Texas, served to develop his patience under trials, his inventive resources in overcoming difficulties, and his promptness and energy in every emergency. In regard to all such matters he had been thoroughly disciplined during his long and hard campaigns while superintendent of our Indian missions on the Northwestern frontiers, as this work will amply detail.

In tracing the history of his missionary labors, the reader will be well entertained with occasional allusions to the country and character of the population embraced in his missions, particularly some noted converts from paganism. All this, however, will only increase a relish for the history of the missionary. His untiring energy excites admiration. Here we see him working with his own hands to erect a habitation, school-house, or chapel; there we observe him voyaging in a frail bark canoe over stormy lakes, his life in peril, but always calm; yonder, after a day of hard travel, we find him inclosed in a buffalo robe, and sleeping alone on a snow-drift, but never complaining. In some of his more extensive trips, he and his few assistants frequently carried their boat over land carriages between navigable waters miles

distant, and packed their bedding and provisions with "portage-collars" drawn across the forehead to secure the burden on the back. In some instances these toils were his daily employment for weeks together, and his journeys protracted to hundreds and even thousands of miles. But we will not anticipate more.

Now, if it be asked why he did not wait till roads were opened, navigation improved, and houses of entertainment appeared, the answer is, his business did not admit of delay, for he was after souls in danger of perdition. And if some endure similar hardships to acquire gold, how much more consistent was he in seeking the lost! "He that winneth souls is wise." Moreover, let it be remembered that he was not sent to the frontier because unsuitable for other positions; he was one of our popular preachers, much in demand for district and city stations; but he nobly volunteered for this hard service. Such was the Christian hero whose biography is here presented. I hesitate not to add, that the author has conferred a favor on the Church and the religious public in general, by rescuing from oblivion these memorials of departed worth.

T. A. MORRIS.

CINCINNATI, *February*, 1856.

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THE

LIFE OF REV. JOHN CLARK.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS APPRENTICESHIP.

His Birth—Conversion of his Parents—Their Affliction and Poverty—John's early Toils—Moderate Poverty not always an Evil—Limited Educational Privileges—Schools, Books, and Houses—Early Characteristics—Apprenticeship—Reasons for Leaving—A noble Master.

JOHN CLARK was born in Hartford, Washington County, New-York, July 30th, 1797. He was a descendant of the "Pilgrims," and inherited a large share of their vigor, both of body and mind. His paternal grandmother was born on shipboard, on the passage to America; but at what date is not definitely known. In the early part of the last century, the grandfather, George Clark, removed from Worcester, Massachusetts, to Coleraine, in the same state. It is probable that several of his relatives, of the same name, settled in Coleraine at about the same date. I find in the "History of Western Massachusetts," that this town was settled in 1735; and the first warrant for a town meeting

was signed by John Clark, Alexander Clark, Samuel Clark, James Clark, Matthew Clark, and William Clark. Here the father of our subject was born, about A. D. 1767, and in due time was united in marriage with Miss Elizabeth Edgecomb. Twelve children were the fruit of this union, eleven of whom lived to grow up to man's estate.

In 1800 these parents both professed conversion, and united with the Calvinistic Baptist Church, of the close communion order, in the place of their residence. They were poor persons during most of their lives; for, though Mr. Clark had early acquired some property, and was in a fair way to increase his possessions by industry and frugality, yet, in consequence of the title of his lands proving invalid, he was reduced to poverty; and, to add to their afflictions, he soon became blind. He had suffered from an affection of the eyes for some time, when he was induced to make trial of the skill of a pretended oculist, by which experiment he was wholly deprived of sight. These two privations, the loss of his farm and his eyes, effectually prevented his worldly prosperity, and rendered it necessary that the children should begin in early life to contribute, as they might be able, toward their own support. Under these circumstances, John resided but occasionally in his father's family after he was eight years old. In succeeding days of tender childhood he was employed

in various ways, at different places, for such compensation as his little services would command.

To the pampered children of wealth it would, doubtless, appear like a grievous misfortune, thus to toil for bread almost from their tender infancy. A hardship it certainly was in his case; yet such a condition is not wholly without advantages. Useful exercise, when practiced within proper limits in early life, is well calculated to strengthen the muscles, develop the form, and give vigor to the whole system; and as there is the closest connection and the strongest sympathy between the physical and the mental, it will follow, that in labor there is profit to the mind as well as to the body. In cases of deep poverty there will be the absence of those aids and facilities which are desirable for the improvement both of the mind and estate; yet a general and careful investigation will show that by far the largest proportion of those who now occupy important positions, and exert the widest influence, are such as were thrown upon their own resources in early life.

The writer has taken some pains to ascertain the early history and circumstances of most of the leading men in one of our old cities, which has a population of nearly forty thousand; and it is worthy of remark, that, of the judges, the lawyers, the merchants, the teachers, and the clergymen, who are in the van

of their respective ranks, a large majority have arisen from the "rural districts," and from the families of the poor. Abject poverty is certainly an evil, and so is bloated wealth; and in which condition there is the greater danger it is difficult to determine. He was a wise man who prayed, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

How much opportunity young Clark had for acquiring knowledge in the schools, is not known; but judging from the character of those institutions at the time, and from the condition of the family, it is concluded that his advantages were very limited. A description of the schools, including houses, furniture, books, &c., would, perhaps, be interesting to the children and youth of the present day, who live in those same localities, now so greatly improved. The writer lived in times when all these bore rather primitive characters, and he is strongly inclined to indulge a little in description.

Teachers of district schools were often but poorly qualified for the work of teaching, being employed in that vocation only a few months in the year, and resorting to it only to earn a slender compensation during the inclemency of winter. Or in summer, the mistress was employed to teach the simple rudiments to the very young children, who were too small to be of any service in the house or field. The books of instruction were few in number, and

imperfectly adapted to the capacities of children, for

"Easy lessons for uneasy boys"

were not then invented. Webster's Spelling Book, Dwight's Compendium of Arithmetic, and the Third Part for a reading-book, comprised nearly all the books which were found in the schools. The Columbian Orator was possessed by a favored few; and some had copies of Morse's Geography as rare treasures. The English Reader was introduced and became the reading-book at a later date.

The school-houses were "few and far between," and generally cold and inconvenient. The benches for small children were made of planks or slabs, supported upon legs inserted in auger-holes, and without backs. A row of writing counters was placed around three sides of the room, a little distance from the wall; and the occupants sat behind these, using the walls of the house for supports to their backs. When the children assembled, coming from all distances, from two miles and under, having pressed their way, it may be, through deep snows and drifts, with their bad shoes, held in possession jointly by their feet and the snow, they found no stove glowing with heat, and diffusing its genial influence around the room; but they found the house open and cold; for none were willing to put in repair the creaking door or rattling windows; nor were they willing to pay a

small tax to defray the expenses of such repairs. A large fire-place was built at one end of the house, in which there was generally, in winter, a fire, which feebly struggled for the mastery with a quantity of green wood, which obstinately refused to burn until late in the forenoon of each day. The children must study and shiver, and shiver and study, in this purgatory of frost, and get their lessons as best they could. Such were the facilities afforded the children of that day; while some parents were too poor to secure even these to their growing families.

No incidents in the early life of young Clark have been preserved; and it is probable that nothing occurred to distinguish him from other boys of his age. I learn that he was possessed of good parts; that he had a resolute spirit, and was always on good terms with his fellows. He was an acknowledged leader in their plans and sports, and all were glad to follow.

In 1815, when eighteen years of age, with the consent of his parents, he entered into an agreement with Mr. Simeon Rawson, of the town of Schroon, Essex County, New-York, to serve three years as an apprentice to the tanning business. Here he continued two years and three months, and then left by mutual consent. Previously to his leaving Mr. Rawson, he had been converted; and though his employer was an unconverted man, and was called an infidel,

yet he became convinced that his apprentice must become a preacher. Not a word had John uttered on this subject, even to his Christian friends: yet his irreligious master had marked his faithfulness, his devotion, and his increasing gifts, until the question was clear to his own mind. Of his own accord he introduced the subject, and proposed to relinquish all further claim to his services, although these were then more profitable to him than at any former time, as the apprentice was well skilled in the craft. How strong and clear must have been the evidence of the young man's call to the work of the ministry, to produce such an effect upon his employer! It is certainly a curious circumstance, that one having no religion, and really no religious belief, should be able to detect the secret workings of the soul of another, and read its convictions on such a subject. It was a noble act on the part of that gentleman, thus to loose his apprentice and let him go, in order that he might lose no time in his preparation for his sacred work; and Mr. Clark remembered that act with gratitude. Such generosity contrasts strongly with the mercenary spirit of some who profess to be Christians, and yet have refused to release their apprentices for similar reasons, even when offers of compensation have been made to them. They must be served until the utmost limit of apprenticeship is reached; and then the Lord may use the

young men. How strong is the principle of selfishness in the hearts of some men.

It is not known what became of this Mr. Rawson, or whether he was ever converted; but it is hoped that the Gospel, as preached by the ministry to which he had so generously contributed his apprentice, may have proved "the power of God unto salvation," even to him.

CHAPTER II.

HIS CONVERSION AND LICENSE.

Early Convictions — Children may be converted Early — Visits Home — Convictions deepened — Procrastinates — Resolves and fails — Convictions subside — Methodist Prayer-meeting — Mrs. Richards's Exhortation — Conviction returns — John in Class-meeting — Prayer in the Barn — Burden lost — Prayer in the Bark-mill — Witness of Acceptance — Female Influence — Diligence in Study — License.

From a very brief sketch, penned by himself a little before his death, it is seen that young Clark entertained a full conviction of the truth of the Christian religion. Without any very clear or distinct views of its special truths, as a system of doctrines, he yet had a good general view of its provisions and duties, and was persuaded that he must become a Christian, or perish forever. From the age of about nine years, it was his custom, every night on retiring to rest, to meditate seriously upon his exposed state; and often the conviction was deep and painful, that if he should die before morning he would be lost in perdition. And when consciousness was beginning to return in the morning, he was found asking himself the question: "Am I in time, or in eternity without hope?" At that early date he was "not far from the kingdom of God;" and if pious friends had then taken him by

the hand, given him instruction in religion, and whispered to him the words of invitation and hope, he would have been brought to the Saviour in his tender years. But at that time children were too much neglected; and parents, of a certain faith, sometimes contented themselves while waiting for "the Lord's own good time." They trusted that their children would be "willing in the day of his power," and so they failed to do their duty in the premises.

It is too often the case that religion is presented to the minds of children only in its more awful aspects, and they are rather repulsed than attracted. Would it not be better, if this subject were made more familiar and inviting in the domestic circle? How many little ones might thus be won to the Saviour, instead of living in sin, and walking in the way to death! But, in the absence of such encouragements and counsels as would have led to peace and joy, this young lad continued to fear and tremble, to sin and grieve, until he was nearly twenty years of age. There were then and there no Sunday schools to collect and feed the lambs, and introduce them to the Good Shepherd.

In the winter of 1817 there was an extensive revival of religion in the vicinity of his father's residence, the family having removed to Chester Corners, in Warren County, N. Y. In that revival

five members of the family were converted. Being on a visit to his father's house, John was powerfully convinced of sin, and resolved to be a Christian. But a change of purpose is not a change of heart; and, as is often the case, depraved nature pleaded for a little delay. On the whole, he concluded to defer the matter until his return to Mr. Rawson's, where, as before mentioned, he was serving his apprenticeship. The distance was about eighteen miles, and he made the trip on foot. On his journey, his distress of mind increasing, he resolved that, on reaching a certain place, he would turn aside and pray for immediate salvation. The place which he had decided to make his Bethel was an unoccupied log-house, which stood a few rods from the highway. This resolution being formed, and the time of its execution so near at hand, he found some mental relief, as was to be expected, from an honest purpose to do what had long been known as duty. But, alas! how little did he then know of "the devices of the adversary!" As he drew near the place he began to inquire, "If some one should see me enter or retire, or, passing, should hear my voice in prayer, what would be said?" Immediately there came upon him such a spirit of fear and terror as caused him to quicken his pace and hasten with all speed, until he had passed the place with his vow unperformed.

How small a matter will often cause the soul to shrink back when just within reach of the prize! And this occurs not only in the experience of the young and timid, but frequently in that of the mature and brave. But, as in other cases of the kind, so in this; conviction began to subside, so that when he reached his destination he could even trifle with his soul, and laughed at the suggestion that his countenance betrayed mental distress.

His conviction for sin, however, was not wholly gone. On Sabbath morning, March 23, though he was apparently more cheerful, and even more mirthful than usual, yet some serious thoughts would rise unbidden. It was proposed by one of the young people (of whom there were several in the family, and all unconverted) that they take a walk of a mile or two to a Methodist prayer-meeting, at the house of Mr. George Moore, a leading member of the Church. The proposal was accepted, they arrived in due time, and the meeting proceeded with indications of true sincerity and great earnestness on the part of the little band of worshipers. After several prayers had been offered, the exercises were changed, and exhortations were given by several persons in succession. At length Mrs. Richards, the wife of the class-leader, addressed the little assembly in an affectionate and powerful manner. The word of exhortation reached the heart of John,

and his convictions returned with almost resistless force. The meeting ended and the people dispersed, but he tarried behind his companions and lingered at the door, feeling a strange influence which seemed to prevent his retiring, and to draw him back into the house. He yielded to that influence, and, for the first time in his life, was found in a Methodist class-meeting.

All were surprised to see him there. What had induced him to return? This was the question which arose in all minds, but which none could answer. Before the leader reached the place where he was seated, his distress became almost insupportable; and when the state of his mind was inquired after, he answered, with tears, that he was a poor miserable sinner desiring salvation. He was instructed, and prayed for, but no relief came to his soul. Yet the step was taken, his position was defined, and there was no way of honorable retreat, and he desired none. Fully resolved to seek until he should find, he walked homeward alone, under a burden which seemed too heavy to be borne.

The bands of Satan were, however, so far loosed that he could pray, and pray he did. The captive struggled for deliverance, and the broken heart cried out for healing. All the remainder of the Sabbath and the day following his distress was unabated; but on Tuesday morning, March 25,

1817, just as the sun was rising in the east, while he was pleading with God in the barn, the words, "Thy sins are forgiven," were impressed upon his mind with such distinctness that he turned to see if some one had not spoken them audibly. But no one was visible; and yet again those blessed words appeared to be repeated, THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN! He asked himself, "Is this the voice of God speaking in the soul? What else can it be?" Still he felt no special joy. The burden was gone, the consciousness of guilt was removed, and he even began to fear that he might falter in his course, and fail of salvation after all.

About ten o'clock on the same morning, some item of business called him to the tannery, about one hundred rods from the house, and on the way he resolved to spread his case again before the Lord and implore his aid. On reaching the place he entered the bark-mill, fell on his face, and entreated that his doubts might be solved and his way directed. While thus in the dust before the mercy-seat, he felt an inward conviction, a full assurance that the Lord had extended to him his pardoning favor and adopting love. His eyes and heart were raised heavenward, and his new-born soul cried, "Abba, Father!" Thus the new life was begun, the race for glory commenced, and from that day his course was onward. There was

no faltering in the course, no turning aside after other objects, and no shrinking from toil or danger. His all was presented to God, and must thenceforward be used in his service.

It may be allowable to remark here, that very many have been brought to God by the faithfulness of pious women. I need not refer to special cases, for they are all around us. And many of them are among the best and greatest, both in position and influence. And yet some, in the ministry and laity, would have women altogether hold their peace in religious meetings. But for the exhortation of Mrs. Richards, who can tell what would have been the course and end of John Clark? Between the results of his labors, both for the white and red man, and the exhortation of that pious woman, there is a connection which the great Rewarder will not fail to recognize.

The young convert now availed himself of such aids as were within his reach for improving his mind; and being apt to learn, soon became qualified to teach a district school, which vocation he followed a portion of his time. He was soon licensed to exhort, and his word was not without effect, for sinners were awakened and converted, and the fruits of his labors in that humble sphere will be found in the great harvest. He was warm and energetic in his manner, of fine personal ap-

pearance, and blessed with a voice of vast compass and force, yet full of melody and sweetness. Happy in his Saviour, and burning with love for souls, he was ready for any labor or sacrifice.

Having, as usual in our Church, held an exhorter's license, and having proved himself acceptable and useful, he was recommended by the society as a suitable person to be licensed to preach. At the next Quarterly Conference of Warren Circuit, held on the thirtieth of October, 1819, the license was granted. Daniel J. Wright was the preacher in charge. During the brief space which elapsed before the next session of the New-York Annual Conference, he was diligent in his Master's work, and useful in his sphere. His desire for mental improvement was intense, his application constant and severe, and his profiting appeared to all. He, in some measure, triumphed over former disabilities, and redeemed the time so as to make amends for his earlier privations.

CHAPTER III.

ENTERS THE ITINERANCY.

Leyden Circuit—Saratoga Circuit—Compensation—The Times demanded Sacrifices—A Word to Young Itinerants—Montgomery Circuit—His Preaching Talents—Inequality in his Sermons—Successes—Mr. Elisha Foote and Family—Mr. Foote's Conviction and Conversion—Praying like Sinners—Mr. Foote's Children—Their Conversion—Pittstown Circuit—The Preacher—The Pastor—Simeon Lamb.

In the spring of 1820, the young tanner was admitted on trial in the New-York Conference, and appointed to Leyden Circuit, in the State of Massachusetts. A vast extent of territory, which is now divided into several conferences, was then included in the one above named. Rev. J. J. Matthias was the preacher in charge, of whom Mr. Clark used to speak in later years, in terms of strong commendation, as a man, a preacher, and an administrator. Of the labors and acceptability of the young preacher, not much is now known; but the writer well remembers some of his allusions to that early field, in relation to enjoyment, toils, and successes. The ministers of that day were emphatically *laborers;* their rides were long, their preaching places many, and their fare often indifferent, at least. In the middle of the year Mr. Clark was removed to Saratoga, to fill a vacancy;

but there was no special gain to him, so far as labor and hardship were concerned, for the latter circuit was also large, and required equal toils and privations with the other.

The compensation which the ministers received was but a pittance, for they seldom realized their whole claims. They *labored*, but their *hire* was very uncertain; and our young itinerant found at the end of the year, that his receipts amounted to only *thirty dollars!* Yet, only a few years since, when speaking of those times, and of his small receipts, he playfully remarked that he made quite a *respectable* payment on his note, which he had given for a horse, saddle, and bridle, which he had purchased on credit before going to his circuit. It ought also to be recorded, that besides the above sum in cash, he received the following articles as presents: one pair of woolen socks, flannel for one wrapper, and cloth for one pair of pantaloons!

Perhaps at this date, some young experimenters in itinerancy would regard such a lot as extremely hard; and such it certainly was. But the times, the state of the country and of the Church, demanded such sacrifices; and they were cheerfully made. The ministers fared as well as many of the people, and with such equality they were satisfied. But the times are changed, and in most of our work the people are able to give the preacher better accommoda-

tions and better support: and with increased ability, there is also the disposition to render comfortable those who "labor in word and doctrine." Surely, those who bore the burden in the heat of the day, will not grudge their sons in the Gospel the superior comforts which fall to their lot. The father, who entered the forest, felled the trees, lived in his log-cabin, and made the wilderness a fruitful field, will not regret that his children are dwelling in ceiled houses, surrounded with the comforts and elegances of life. But let not those children forget, nor undervalue, the toils and privations of their fathers, by which all the refinements of their present state were procured. But, while we rejoice, "yea, and will rejoice," that such sacrifices can no longer be demanded of the ministry, it is feared that we are losing the *spirit* of self-sacrifice, which was so prominent a trait in the character of the fathers. Some young preachers are inclined to stipulate for pleasant places, where good congregations are already gathered; where they will be sure of their whole claims, and, withal, not far from home. They cannot *travel circuits*, nor endure the rigors of the *North!* O brethren! have we the *spirit* of our calling? Does "the love of Christ constrain us?" Once, when a young man was called to the holy work, he could not be *kept still!* Impelled by the kindled fire in his own soul, you would see him wending his way to some

sequestered, neglected place, where a few souls were secluded; and, without waiting for invitation or license, he would call them together and pray for them, and exhort them to "flee from the wrath to come." The awakened conscience, the heaving breast, the tearful eye, the penitent inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" and the joyous shouts of the converted: these were his sufficient rewards. And, while he was regarded by happy converts as the messenger of God, the angel of mercy to them, the Church "took knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus," from whom he had received his commission. Of such young men itinerants were made, and they were "the men for the times." The times still demand just such men!

In 1821, Mr. Clark labored on Montgomery Circuit, which was a large and laborious field, including portions of Montgomery, Fulton, and Herkimer Counties, on the north side of the Mohawk River. Rev. Samuel Howe had charge of the circuit, who yet lives, and rejoices in that Gospel which he has so long preached to others. He entered the traveling connection in 1801; and though he has been on the worn-out list for several years, yet he often preaches the word with great comfort to himself and profit to others. From this aged minister it is ascertained that our youthful itinerant was a very good and acceptable minister, of a fine

spirit, cheerful, lively, energetic, and useful. Indeed, there were times when he preached with a power which was both astonishing and overwhelming. On such occasions his language was remarkably appropriate and beautiful, full of the spirit of poetry and sublimity. His voice was clear as the sound of a trumpet, and yet like the smoothest, sweetest melody, and under the most perfect control. His fine features would glow with the inspiration of his theme, and his action was marked by ease and grace. He was then, as he continued to be through life, unequal in his pulpit efforts. In other words, he was not always alike; for, though he seldom fell below mediocrity, yet his medium sermons were far below those which he sometimes delivered. This marked difference was not traceable, perhaps, so much to a difference in the degrees of preparation, as to the different degrees of the inspiration which he caught at the time of delivering his sermons. Although he was possessed of as much self-command as most men, yet his own state of feeling caused as much difference in his performances as in those of men who are supposed to be more excitable. And on those occasions, when his powers were fully roused, it appeared as if time, circumstances, and place, were all forgotten, the subject alone being present, while the hearers shrunk with horror from the view of the awful condition of the lost; or viewed with rapture the

opening glories of the home of saints, as the preacher brought the one or the other within the range of their vision.

Under the labors of these ministers the Lord revived his work, and there was considerable addition to the numbers in society. It was on this circuit that Mr. Clark became acquainted with Miss Sarah M. Foote, a pious young lady, who afterward became his companion for life—the sharer of his toils and perils, his joys and griefs, and who yet lives to mourn, in widowhood, the loss of him with whom, for so many years, she trod life's weary pilgrimage.

Elisha Foote, the father of Mrs. Clark, removed from Farmington, Connecticut, to Northampton, New-York, in 1796. At that time there was not a single Methodist in the town, and but two persons who professed religion. Mrs. Foote had united with the Congregationalists in Connecticut, in 1783; but became a member of the first class which was formed by the Methodists in Northampton. She had a brother, Mr. Miller, who was a Methodist local preacher in Connecticut, he having been converted and licensed there after the removal of his sister. This brother visited them a few years after they came to Northampton, and preached several times in the vicinity. In his last sermon he told the people he desired to "enlist volunteers for King Jesus;" and with great earnestness inquired, "Who will go?"

Mr. Foote was very much affected, and with trembling arose before them all, and said, "By the grace of God assisting me, I will enlist in his service during life!" This was bearing the cross, for the eyes of all were upon him; but his heart was fixed, and he was resolved to press forward.

The next day, as his brother-in-law was about taking his leave, Mr. Foote said, "Now, what shall I do?" Mr. Miller replied, "You must pray to God like a sinner; and he will convert your soul, and make you happy. You must get your neighbors together, and hold prayer-meetings every week; and pray like sinners, and God will convert you all." Mr. Foote soon called upon a neighbor, who had been a professor in some other place, but was now a backslider, and told him how he felt. While opening his mind to this neighbor, another came in, and was awakened; and they desired the backslider to pray for them. This he attempted to do; but, as Mr. Foote said, "he made miserable work of it, for his heart was dark and cold." It was soon found that several more were convicted; and these, according to Mr. Miller's directions, "got together and prayed like sinners," until God converted them all. Not long after, these, and as many as "desired to flee from the wrath to come, and be saved from their sins," were formed into a class, and Mr. Foote was appointed leader.

Mr. Foote raised a family of eleven children, all of whom, with one exception, yet live; and all are members of our Church except one, who is a Presbyterian. All were converted while under twenty-one years of age; and all the husbands and wives of his children, save one, are Methodists. One son and one son-in-law are local preachers; and twelve grandchildren belong to the same Church: so all his descendants may be said to belong to the nobility, as they are members of the royal family.

Mr. Foote has been a class-leader and steward some forty years; and his house has been the home of the preachers, and the place of resort for pious people, during all that period. Mrs. Foote went to her reward in 1853, after having served the Lord sixty-nine years. She died in a good old age, being eighty-nine. She lived well, and "died in faith."

On the 25th of January, 1855, Mr. Foote, at the age of ninety years, was "gathered to his fathers in peace." His last illness was protracted and painful, but he bore it with meekness and patience. He was for many years a living witness that the "blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

In 1822 Mr. Clark was ordained deacon, by Bishop M'Kendree, in the John-street Church, in the city of New-York, and appointed to Pittstown Circuit, with the Rev. Jacob Beeman in charge.

This veteran minister yet lingers among us in age and feebleness, waiting for the signing of his passport, that he may go home to dwell with Christ. Of him inquiry has been made concerning his young colleague; and the aged father delights in the recollection of the many amiable qualities which he possessed for the work. His sermons were full of unction, partaking largely of the hortatory character, and producing the effects which sermons should always produce: they made impressions which were lasting and saving. But while they were warm and impressive, they were also arranged with sufficient care and method, giving indications, even at that early day, that their author would be called to fill important places in our Zion.

While preparing for the pulpit, he was also faithful and diligent as a pastor. In his visits among the people there was a happy blending of wisdom and harmlessness. He would never rudely thrust the subject of religion before the people, nor pass the time in merely social intercourse. Some ministers visit socially, and are very pleasant companions; but do little in the way of aiding their people in the way to heaven, or inducing others to enter that way. And others make their visits quite too professional, and so fail to secure all that is desirable. One of our bishops, while speaking of this branch of duty, in his address to candidates for admission to Conference,

advised them not to make their visits wholly religious, but that there be a union of the social with the religious element. He would have the preachers enter kindly into those concerns which interest the families which they visit, sympathizing with them in their joys and sorrows, and, sometimes, even in their business plans and cares. Then will the visits be stripped, in part, of that professional character, which often hinders the effect of even the religious efforts of the pastor. The people should be made to see that the pastor is kind and sympathizing, as a man and a neighbor, as well as faithful in his duties as a spiritual shepherd.

Mr. Clark was endowed with pleasing and useful conversational powers, and could easily adapt himself to all the varieties of tastes and conditions which characterized the people, and yet preserve with sufficient distinctness his ministerial character. He knew how to "please all men for their good, to edification." There was considerable revival on the circuit; and his colleague insists on giving him a full share of credit as a promoter of the work.

While in this field of labor, Mr. Clark lived in the family of Mr. Simeon Lamb,* a prominent member

* Since the above was written, Brother Lamb has joined the Church triumphant. He died in the city of Troy, N. Y., March 12, 1856, "in a good old age." When his will shall be probated, it will, probably, be seen that some of the benevolent institutions of the day have been well remembered.

of the Church, who yet lives to do good, by honoring the Lord with his substance. This man had the best opportunity to know the young preacher, and it is refreshing to witness the delight with which he speaks of him as he then was—always amiable, social, and happy: a pious young man, a faithful pastor, and a preacher of more than ordinary promise. Indeed, he speaks of him as he might be expected to speak of a beloved son who had gone away to heaven. It is evidence strongly in favor of the youthful preacher, that his colleague and his host, after the vicissitudes and forgettings of thirty-four years, retain such vivid, fresh, and glad remembrances of their long-past intercourse.

CHAPTER IV.

FROM 1823 TO 1827.

Warren Circuit — His Marriage — Benefits of Circuits — Glenn's Falls and Sandy Hill — Knox Camp-meeting — Mr. Clark's Sermon — Effects produced — Middlebury Station — Its Position — College and Alumni — Mr. Clark's Usefulness — His Qualifications — Divers Gifts equally necessary.

In 1823 Mr. Clark was placed in charge of Warren Circuit. He was united in marriage with Miss Sarah M. Foote, at her father's house in Northampton, on the 14th of January preceding, but had not commenced housekeeping until they reached this circuit. Here he labored one year, and then was appointed to Sandy Hill and Glenn's Falls Circuit, where he remained two years.

The compiler has endeavored to collect some information concerning the labors of Mr. Clark on those fields; but the lapse of time, together with the extensive changes which have occurred through all those regions, have rendered the efforts fruitless, excepting so far as generalities will serve the purpose. It is ascertained that there was some revival on the first-named circuit; that all the interests of the Church were faithfully cared for and promoted; and that he

was a very acceptable and able preacher. The exact report is, "he was a very *popular* preacher."

Under our former, or *circuit* arrangement, a young man was seldom placed in charge until he had served some years in the capacity of a junior. But in the older portions of our work, the station system prevails to such an extent, that almost every preacher must be alone, and, of course, in charge. This is a serious evil, both as it relates to the place and the preacher; but, perhaps, it is wise on the whole. Mr. Clark had the advantage of being free from the responsibilities of administration during three years of his itinerancy; and having men of age and experience as his seniors, he was enabled to see the workings of our system, and so learn to work it himself; and with the knowledge thus gained, he became an able expounder and skillful administrator of our Discipline.

The latter circuit was organized in 1824, the year of Mr. Clark's appointment thereto; and, consequently, the number of members at the time of his arrival cannot now be ascertained; but he reported at the end of his first year, one hundred and seventeen; and at the next conference, one hundred and seventy-four, being a net gain of fifty-seven. As evidence of his talents and competence, I insert an extract from a letter, written by Rev. Joseph Eames, a member of the Troy Conference, who describes what he saw and heard. The date of the incident

shows that it occurred during Mr. Clark's first year on Sandy Hill and Glenn's Falls Circuit. Mr. Eames says:

"The impressions which his preaching made upon my mind were of the most delightful character. The sound of his voice was melodious; and there seemed to be a spirit of poetry in his language, as well as music in his voice. His appearance, his countenance, his voice, his language, and his theme, all combined to render his discourses truly eloquent, and sometimes thrillingly so. But when, added to all these, he received the unction from above, and preached 'with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven,' they were sometimes overwhelming! There is one such scene that I witnessed, that will never be forgotten by me while memory lasts, and I presume it will be remembered by hundreds in eternity.

"This occurred at a camp-meeting in the town of Knox, Albany County, N. Y., I think in 1824. The meeting was commenced on Monday, and closed on Saturday morning. On Friday evening Brother Clark preached the last sermon. The meeting had progressed tolerably well up to that time. Many members of the Church had been quickened in the Divine life; some were wholly sanctified; backsliders were reclaimed, and a few sinners had been converted: but there had been no general outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

"Brother Clark's text was, Deuteronomy xxxiii, 29: 'Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord?' Subject: The people of God, and their happiness. The sermon was symmetrical and beautiful; but he went through his subject with something less than his usual liberty. He then took up the other side by way of contrast, and began to portray the misery of the wicked. Here the inspiration came upon him, and the Spirit was poured upon the congregation about the same time. It seemed as if the pit of woe was uncapped, and the sinner saw himself just dropping in; while Christians saw their impenitent friends plunging, to rise no more forever! I was near the stand; one fell on my right hand, another on my left; and in a few moments scores had fallen in the congregation. The cries and groans of the awakened, and the prayers of Christians commingled, was like the rushing of mighty waters; but the voice of the speaker could be heard distinctly above it all, as clear and shrill as the sound of a trumpet, for the space of fifteen minutes. He then gave way, and the meeting continued during the remainder of the night.

"When the morning came, and the people collected before the stand to leave their testimony for the Lord, it was ascertained that about fifty had found the Saviour, as the result of the exercises of the preceding night. O, it was a melting scene

to behold the greetings of parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and neighbors, who had been brought into the family of God! We could only exclaim, with heartfelt gratitude, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes!'"

Such were the effects produced by his preaching at times. But it is not pretended that he always, or often, preached with equal power. On some other occasions he showed himself equally strong, as may be seen on future pages. But there is no man who can always thus excel. These are, and must be, the exceptions with all ministers; yet it may be true, that if we lived nearer the Lord, we should be favored more frequently with such supernatural power. Then it would more generally be said by the hearers, The Spirit of the Lord came upon the preacher.

Mr. Clark's next field of labor was Middlebury, Vermont, a thriving village at the Falls of Otter Creek, in Addison County. It is the county seat, and the site of a flourishing college, where many of the strong men, both in Church and State, received their education. It was the *Alma Mater* of Silas Wright, the statesman, once governor of the Empire State; of William Slade, many years in the Congress of the United States, and Governor of Vermont; of Amos Lawrence, the well-known Christian merchant-prince of Massachusetts; and of Stephen

Olin, D. D., the ripe scholar, and the good and great minister, who had few equals, and, perhaps, no superior either in Church or State. A host of honored names might be mentioned who have gone forth from that institution to act their parts on the great stage of life.

Methodism was established here at an early date in the history of the denomination in that state, and, in some respects, it has retained its distinctiveness to a greater extent than in most places in the Mountain State. It was in that village that the writer first found himself in a Methodist meeting. This occurred when he was a little lad, and the hearty and frequent responses of the people, during the prayers and the sermon, excited his wonder. Little did he then think that later years would find him standing in the pulpit in that place, or joining with that people in their love-feasts, and at the table of the Lord.

The labors of Mr. Clark in that station were highly esteemed, and quite successful. As appears from the General Minutes, he found in society one hundred and twenty-six, and left one hundred and eighty-two members. His congregations were large, and included a fair share of the cultivated and intellectual. Indeed, his ministry contributed much to place Methodism on comparatively high ground in that community, a position which it has ever

since retained. As a pastor, he was regarded as a model, both in faithfulness and adaptation. One who knew him well, says, "He was the most indefatigable pastor I ever knew." He labored "in season and out of season," and his labor was "not in vain in the Lord."

Among those who were brought to Christ under his ministry, are two who are members of the Troy Conference, and many who are members of the Church in various places, with some who yet reside in the place of their *second birth*, and many who arrived in heaven in advance of himself. Under his administration the cause of God and of Methodism advanced very materially, both with regard to finances and spirituality. Being faithful in his care of all the interests of the Church, he had the satisfaction of seeing all its departments flourish. His financial talents were seldom surpassed, and it was difficult for any Church under his care to decline in this department.

In conducting social meetings he was always very successful. His manner was easy and pleasing, his spirit mild and sweet, and the constraint and embarrassment which are sometimes felt by members in the presence of ministers was wholly removed, and those meetings were rendered lively and profitable. He was in those days a "sweet singer," and he could not only join in that delightful part of

worship, but could take the lead, giving to it such direction as he pleased.

With his vigor of body and mind, joined to his habitual industry, he must work for Christ and the Church; and with his naturally cheerful heart, made happy by the love of God, he could not fail to secure the esteem and friendship of all who knew him. His popular talents drew goodly numbers to his ministry, and his ardent piety led precious souls to his Saviour and theirs. Though some men who have labored in that station have seen more extensive revivals, it is doubted whether any minister ever contributed more toward the stability and future prosperity of the cause. To establish Christians in the faith, to instruct them in righteousness, to train them for action in the great contest with the powers of darkness, are very important parts of ministerial duty. And he who is skilled and faithful in this varied work, is rendering as important service to the Church, as is he who brings the new-born babes and commits them to her care. While one is eminently successful in awakening sinners and leading them to repentance, let him not despise his brother who trains them for duty and usefulness. And let not him who is mostly employed in this latter work, envy his brother who is more skilled in the former. "Every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor."

CHAPTER V.

PLATTSBURGH DISTRICT.

Erroneous Views of the North—Extracts from Dixon's Tour—The Writer's personal Knowledge of that Region—Mr. Clark's Youth as Presiding Elder—His Qualifications—The Times and their Influence—Effects of his Preaching—The Angry Deacon—Mr. Clark vividly remembered—His Success at Quarterly and Camp Meetings—Illustration—A curious Incident—Mr. Clark in the Bishop's Council—Encounters an old Presiding Elder—Death of his only Child—His Resignation—New-York City—His Character as a Man, a Christian, and a Minister.

To this interesting and responsible field Mr. Clark was appointed in 1828, where he remained three years. It included much more territory than is embraced in its present limits, extending into Vermont so as to include all of Grand Isle, Franklin, La Moile, and large parts of Chittenden and Washington Counties, besides all which is now known as Plattsburgh District. Some, and perhaps many, who have little or no acquaintance with that section, almost suppose it to be the region of perpetual frost, and think an appointment to any of its circuits or stations next of kin to banishment to Siberia. This fact induces me to transcribe a few sentences from Dr. Dixon's "Tour in America."

"We crossed the St. Lawrence, and soon entered Lake Champlain. . . . . This is, unquestionably, the finest lake I had seen. The scenery on its banks is perfectly enchanting; and, unlike Lakes Erie and Ontario, it commands a view of mountain scenery of the most majestic description. This lake is one hundred and thirty-two miles in length, and varies in breadth from the narrow channel to nine or ten miles. Many beautiful islands stud the waters with fine effect. At the close of the day we approached a place called Plattsburgh. The scenery was the most beautifully romantic which nature can possibly present. A blue sky, deep, lofty, stretching its heavenly arch to span the landscape; the sun, setting in all its gorgeous glory; the lake, smooth as glass, except as disturbed by our motion; wild fowl fluttering about and enjoying the cool evening; the majestic mountains of Vermont looming in the distance, and all the intermediate space filled with cultivated fields and towering forests; and the lovely little town of Plattsburgh, touching the fringe of the lake, and presenting the most perfect aspect of rural peace and quiet on which the eye ever gazed! My manliness was here, for the first time, overcome: I longed and longed to get on shore, to fix my tent and remain forever! This sentiment was new: I had never before felt any remarkable desire to locate in any place I had

seen; but here, for a moment, I was perfectly overcome. Other affections, of course, soon sprung up, and wafted my soul across the Atlantic, where treasures dearer than even these beauties had their dwelling. During this little paroxysm, delirium, or whatever it may be called, my kind companion, Dr. Richey, had retired to his cabin, so that one of my wants could not be denied a vent for exclamations of delight! This was just one of those moments which never can be forgotten; an Eden, a paradisiacal scene, into which none can enter with one, and which leaves its picture vividly penciled on the soul."

Such is the description, and such were the emotions, of a disinterested witness, who had seen much of our own country and of the world; and who, had he passed the remainder of his voyage on that lake by daylight would have seen more than one spot of equal loveliness. The valley of that beautiful lake contains as many delightful localities and desirable appointments as any other portion of our work; and the writer claims to know, for he traveled in that valley during as many years as Jacob served for both his wives. In no part of the world are people more enterprising, intelligent, or refined. Such was the district to which Mr. Clark was appointed, and such the village of Plattsville, where he resided.

He was a young man to be put in trust, and

laden with responsibilities to such an extent, for he was not quite thirty-one years old. His appointment to such a charge is the best evidence that he had acquitted himself well in his former charges; and the manner in which he performed his duties, and met his responsibilities on the district, proves the wisdom of the bishop who selected him for the work. The writer, as stated above, traveled in that region fourteen years, eleven of which were passed within the bounds of that district as it was; and he is sure that no man ever occupied that field who made so deep and lasting an impression for good as did that young presiding elder. Youth and manhood seemed to meet just at that point, and to contribute, each its share, toward qualifying him for the position. During eight years he had been improving his mind, and acquainting himself with the theory and the practical workings of Methodism; and he brought with him to the district all that he had learned, and joining this rich endowment of experience, observation, and study, with the freshness, the vigor, and fire of his young manhood, he was every way qualified for his work. No man ever more fully complied with St. Paul's advice to Timothy, "Let no man despise thy youth."

The times were favorable for calling into exercise his energies and resources; for those were the days of large circuits, great quarterly meetings,

and camp-meetings like the populations of cities; and these were calculated to exert an inspiring influence upon him who presided over them. These influences were not lost upon Mr. Clark, for he made his visitations and performed his ministrations "in the power of the Spirit." In every circuit which the writer traveled in that district, the name of John Clark was as "ointment poured forth." His sermons were remembered as the richest and the most overwhelming that the people ever heard. While preaching in a certain place on, "When ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out," the people were all amazed, and some will insist to this day that the house literally shook! No doubt there was a shaking of the people, for many were convinced of sin, and made haste to "flee from the wrath to come."

At a certain quarterly meeting, held in a union meeting-house, a prominent member and officer in the Church, who was a partner in the house, claimed the right to attend the love-feast. He owned a pew, and his Church was joint-owner of the house, and, therefore, he had the right to interfere with the Methodist arrangement on the days when the occupancy of the house was theirs! Such was his strange logic, and many others are equally foolish on the same subject. But he was denied

admittance under the rule, as was right and proper. He was rather more angry than a Christian should have been, and remained about the door during the whole time of the love-feast, complaining to those who lingered with him, and exciting them against the Methodists. By this course he had excited himself also, and having so long "nursed his wrath to keep it warm," he was in no very promising temper to profit by the public exercises. But he entered at the proper time and took his seat, looking very unhappy, with his chin on his breast and his arms akimbo.

Soon after Mr. Clark commenced his sermon, the deacon looked up, as if somewhat surprised, or, at least, interested; but his upward look was hurried, and he instantly resumed his former look of sullen ill-humor. But his upward and interested glances were observed to be longer continued, as well as more frequently repeated; and soon he forgot his anger, and everything else, except the word, and his tears flowed like rain while he looked the preacher in the face, and drank in the truth, like a thirsty man drinking the cooling water. Truly the Gospel must have been preached with skill and force, to produce such an effect upon one so unprepared at the outset to profit in the hearing!

The writer has received a large number of letters from persons who knew Mr. Clark well on that

district; and the uniformity of expression, as well as views, in relation to his qualifications, is a little remarkable. The strong affection which is cherished by many, both preachers and people, finds its fitting expression in the following extract from one of those letters: "When I received your letter of inquiry, it brought to my mind so many seasons of interest, when Rev. John Clark was in this section, as to be almost overpowering." And he then, like the others who have responded to my inquiries, gives his recollections of the man, and of his qualifications for his position. From such assurances the present chapter is composed.

Though young, there was no man who could preside in a Quarterly Conference with more quiet dignity, or direct a camp-meeting with greater propriety and success. Indeed, that man must have been very bold, or very foolish, or both, who would venture to get out of order at a camp-meeting where John Clark presided. Yet there was nothing harsh or despotic in his manner; rather it was his urbanity, joined with his promptness, which made him so good a presiding officer.

The following extract from a letter written by one who was acquainted with him in those days, will illustrate the above remarks:

"As a preacher, he was much admired by the people; and I shared largely in this feeling of admiration.

His handsome and commanding person, (he was then in his early prime,) his clear and musical voice, and his superior powers of argumentation, all conspired to make him the favorite preacher of my early days. Whenever he rose on the stand at camp-meeting, to preach or exhort, I was confident that an impression would be made; and when in his preaching at quarterly meetings he grappled with any popular error, as he often did, I felt sure that error would suffer; and I do not recollect ever feeling the least disappointment when he sat down.

"He was great in conducting camp-meetings. The precision and authority with which he announced his rules, and his sagacity and untiring vigilance in enforcing them, were remarkable. He seemed to know how to counteract everything which was transpiring on, or around the ground, calculated to injure the order and success of the meeting, whether developed in rowdyism, or wildfire, or in the conversation of persons opposed to camp-meetings. An incident will illustrate:

"At a camp-meeting held at Enosburgh, Vermont, in 1829, a Calvinistic minister of the place came upon the ground one afternoon; and, just before the evening service, he met some young persons of his acquaintance who had been powerfully awakened during the exercises of the day. They made known to him their feelings; and he gave them some advice,

taking care to caution them against giving any credit to the camp-meeting as an instrumentality in their awakening; telling them that while their awakening was the work of God, camp-meetings were all wrong.

"After the evening sermon, Brother Clark rose very quietly, with his cloak upon his shoulders, made some appointments for prayer-meetings, spoke of the increasing interest of the meeting, and then alluded to the fact that some object to camp-meetings. The moment he struck this note his cloak fell from his shoulders; and his fine features and athletic frame were instinct with emotion that did not fail to communicate itself to the congregation. He soon came to particulars, and said that a minister, living not a thousand miles off, had been upon the ground that evening, telling some who were awakened, 'that the meeting had nothing to do in producing their feelings; God had awakened them, but the meeting was all wrong.' He then referred to the language of the Jews to the man whom Jesus had cured of natural blindness: 'Give God the praise; as for this man, we know that he is a sinner:' and, in the space of eight or ten minutes, made such an application of it to the case in hand, as few men but John Clark could have done. The poor minister was completely used up; and when the service closed he vanished instanter, and was seen no more at that meeting.

All felt that the rebuke was just; and that if any one undertook to operate against one of John Clark's meetings, however privately, he must look out, 'lest his deeds should be reproved.'"

A curious case occurred at one of his camp-meetings: A young man of the name of C——, who was rich and wild, attended the meeting. Having a fine pair of horses and a pleasure wagon, he usually brought with him several of his wild associates; and they often visited the tavern in the village, about a mile distant from the place of meeting. There they indulged in the use of the fiery beverage, of which they were quite fond, until they chose to return to the ground. There was a young minister in attendance who was very gifted, and active in the prayer-meetings, where he proved himself useful. Such meetings were often held in front of the stand, and hundreds would unite in the devotions. The young preacher was very neat in his personal appearance, and wore a very good, nicely-fitting coat. C—— told his companions that he would cut off that preacher's skirt in the evening; and they were all ready to urge him on to perform the feat. Accordingly, they were in waiting; and C—— watched his opportunity. When, in the prayer-meeting, the young man was engaged in prayer in the midst of the ring, and oblivious to all but the work in which he was employed, pressing cautiously through the crowd of kneeling

worshipers, he reached his position. But it was necessary to proceed with the greatest caution, lest some one might chance to detect him in the act, and so he partly knelt back to back with his victim. Taking out his knife, which he had made keen for the purpose, he put his hands softly behind him, and gently holding the skirt, he cut it off. Then quietly creeping from the circle, he hastened to his company at the wagon, saying, "Boys, I have done it;" and they rode off to the tavern to drink and make merry. Having obtained and drunk the inebriating liquid, C—— turned from the bar, and his posterior appearance arrested the attention of the bar-keeper, who exclaimed, "C——, they have docked you!" And, sure enough, he had his own skirt carefully placed in his bosom, while his intended victim had escaped all harm. The laugh was turned, of course; and poor C—— heard not the last of it for many years. But he formed the resolution to refrain from mischief at camp-meetings; and many years later, when he had become a tee-totaler, expressed his strong conviction that God guided that knife.

Under Mr. Clark's administration the work prospered in all its departments. His example of fidelity and energy was happy in its effect upon the preachers; and his intercourse with them was always of the most delightful and happy character. No common

obstacle ever prevented his attendance at his appointments, even though he was obliged to break the ice in the La Moille River with a rail, and so make a way for his horse. Young as he was, he knew how to provide for the wants of his district, and maintain his official rights. The first time that he took his place in the Bishop's Council, to nominate ministers for the several charges in his district, he encountered the Ajax of the Board, in the person of an old presiding elder, who had not been accustomed to defeat. He nominated Brother C—— for Plattsburgh, when the old veteran said, "You cannot have him; I want him myself." A few words of debate followed, when the bishop proposed to pass Plattsburgh for the present. This was done, and a man was put down for another place. But the time arrived when Plattsburgh must be provided for, and Mr. Clark again nominated Brother C——. This brought the veteran to his feet; and in tones and terms of severity he rebuked the youthful presiding elder. He said: "I have aided and instructed that boy; I have furnished him with books, been a father to him, and made him all that he is; and this is the return for all my kindness." And much more in the same strain.

After the old elder had taken his seat, some time passed in silence, when the bishop asked Mr. Clark if he had anything to say. He then rose, leaned over

his chair, with his eyes fixed upon the floor; and in humble accents, said, "Bishop! all that this aged father has said is true. He has been a father to me; he has made me all that I am; I shall never be able to repay him." And then standing erect, he added: "But, sir, since you have seen fit to put me in my present position, I am, in the matter of rights, exactly his equal. I know my rights, and am prepared to maintain them; and he must not expect that I will attempt to cancel my obligations to him, by sacrificing the interests of my district." He then gave his reasons at length, for believing that the best interests of the whole work would be subserved by the appointment of Brother C—— to Plattsburgh. He took his seat; and the bishop said, "Put Brother C—— down for Plattsburgh." For the bold and manly course taken by Mr. Clark, he received the thanks of several of the presiding elders, who said that it was the first time that the old hero had been withstood and defeated. It is proper to remark, that the aged father never respected or esteemed him less than before; for he was a man of both good sense and piety, and is now with God.

In the midst of delightful labors and successes, Mr. Clark and his companion were visited with affliction in their pleasant home. Their beloved little Mary, an only child, of nearly four years, sickened and died. When she was attacked with disease, (dysentery,) he

was absent at one of his quarterly meetings; and, though all had been done that skill in medicine and maternal affection could do, yet, on his return, he perceived that death would claim his little darling. When the spirit had fled, he closed the once sparkling eyes with his own hands; and then, requesting the kind neighbors to be seated, he sung the hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;"

and kneeling down, he prayed in a submissive spirit, imploring "grace to help in time of need." From that moment he was Divinely sustained, and no murmur or complaint was ever uttered.

In 1831, his field of labor was New-York city, which was then a circuit, with several preachers. The compiler has sought information from all the preachers who were on that charge, and who are yet alive; but he has obtained only one response, and that from the one who was least acquainted with Mr. Clark. He speaks well of him in general terms, but furnishes nothing from which I can draw so as to answer any purpose.

Since the foregoing was written, I have obtained the following from Francis Hall, Esq., of the *Commercial Advertiser*, New-York:

NEW-YORK, *Feb. 4th*, 1856.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—Your favor of the 30th ult. was duly received, and I have withheld a reply in the hope that I might be able to recall some facts that might be alluded to in your forthcoming "Life" of our mutual friend, the late Rev. John Clark.

In view of the valuable services rendered to the Church by our deceased friend, I regret that I have not the means of supplying, as it ought to be, your lack of information in regard to Mr. Clark's ministerial labors in this city. You ask "for information in relation to him as a man, a Christian, a pastor." Having no documents at hand to refer to, I must, from necessity, be very brief.

When stationed in New-York he was my next neighbor, and as such I highly esteemed him. My opinion is, that, when he was removed from this city, he left not an enemy behind, but many endeared friends, whose friendship continued until, by a mysterious Providence, he was removed from all earthly toil.

As a Christian, his daily walk evinced that he was a man of God, wholly devoted to his Master's service, and anxious for the prosperity of the Church, of which he was an able minister. As a preacher, he was sound, logical, and earnest, aiming at the good of souls rather than oratorical display. In our social meetings he was excellent; generally the life of our praying circles. How many will appear as stars in his crown in the great day of accounts, no one on earth can tell; but those who knew him, will bear testimony that the number will not be small.

As a pastor, he was kind and affectionate; he was firm in the administration of discipline, without fear or partiality. Some may have occasionally believed him rigid, especially in regard to attendance on class-meetings; but our Brother Clark, as a just administrator, was bound to see that the requirements of the Discipline were carried out.

He was always a friend to the Missionary cause; and my impression is, that he was led to devote a portion of his life to that cause, by the intimacy which he formed with the Rev. Peter Jones and other Indians, who were frequently at my house while Mr. Clark was my neighbor. I think he accompanied Mr. Jones to Poughkeepsie on one occasion; and their visit to that place gave a new start to the mission cause in that village and vicinity.

I regret very much that my information is of such a brief character, and that the time is too limited to allow of obtaining something more satisfactory to you and myself.

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

FRANCIS HALL.

CHAPTER VI.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

Mr. Clark appointed to Green Bay Mission — His Arrival — The Cholera — His Solicitude and Faith — Concern for his Family — Praying by Book — Illustration — Anecdote — Indian Character and Mythology — Studied under Difficulties — Government often Oppressive — Moral Capabilities not studied or aided — Some Exceptions — Indians' Title to the Country considered — Their Superstitions — General Love of strong Drink — Torch-light Carousal — Making a Woman of an Indian — Indian Eloquence — Tecumseh, Seminole Chief, Schenandoah, Pushmataha, Osceola — Indian Poetry — "Pity the Red Man" — Letter from George Henry, a native Speaker.

In 1832 Mr. Clark was in the General Conference which met in Philadelphia. That body, as is always the case, had a Committee on Missions, which, in its report, recommended "The extension of the Aboriginal Missions in our Western and Northwestern frontiers." He had for some time been looking to the West as a field of labor demanding aid, and promising an abundant harvest. As early as 1829 he had spoken of his desire to enter that portion of the work; and when reminded of the toils and hardships incident to such a region, he raised his right hand, and said with earnestness, "I have an arm that is able to labor, and I am ready for it."

The Indian Missions were those to which his mind

was especially directed; and after due consideration, and much prayer, he offered himself to the Board as missionary to Green Bay, and was accepted. He made the necessary arrangements without delay, and proceeded to his new field of labor, which he reached on the 21st of July, 1832, and entered upon his work with zeal and confidence. His first letter to the Board is dated August 10th, in which he says:

"I arrived at Green Bay on the 21st ultimo, in a tolerable state of health, considering the scenes of cholera and death which I witnessed on my passage in the vicinity of St. Clair. But through the abundant mercy of the great Head of the Church, I was preserved unhurt in the midst of all the alarm; though I felt sensations at the time which you can more readily imagine than I can describe. I found the country in great alarm, both on account of cholera and from fear of a visit from the warlike Saucs; but all is becoming more quiet.

"I do not design this as a formal report, but as a mere note of information to the Board, that their missionary for Green Bay is alive, and has entered upon his work; and will, Providence permitting, forward a regular report of his doings early in September."

It will be remembered that this (1832) was the cholera year, and the occasion of the first visit of that fearful epidemic to this continent. Its ravages

were appalling. Physicians were ignorant of its nature, and of the treatment demanded; and a panic was almost universal. Mr. Clark met with this desolating scourge on shipboard and shore, in his journey to his distant field. With all his known philosophical calmness, he was not without painful apprehensions, while the disease was smiting down its victims both at Detroit and St. Clair, as well as on board the boat in which he embarked. He had provided a medicine chest; and, in the absence of a regular physician, he ventured to prescribe for cholera patients powerful doses of camphor spirits and laudanum, which he had the satisfaction of seeing productive of the best effects upon many of the sufferers.

He had left his wife in feeble health at the house of her father, at Northampton, New-York; and while the cholera was doing its work of death at Green Bay and its vicinity, he must have been more or less than a man had he been wholly free from solicitude. He makes affecting mention of his feelings in relation to his family, in case he should fall a victim to the pestilence; but having committed all to the care of the heavenly Father, his faith gained the victory, and he confidingly pursued the path of duty in his new and untried field of toil. Another trial of his faith came in the intelligence that the cholera had reached the village of Amsterdam, in the Mohawk Valley, and but a few miles from the place where he

had left Mrs. Clark; but his resort was to the throne of grace, where, after strong pleading, he was again enabled to cast away all anxious care, and quietly trust the event with the God of providence.

While at Green Bay, he was furnished with a beautiful illustration of the inexpedience (to use no harsher term) of binding ministers to pray always by book in their public services. The Episcopal Prayer Book contained no form adapted to the cholera times; and the chaplain in the garrison, finding himself straitened, applied to the bishop of the diocese for a brief prayer suited to the case. The application was forwarded by mail; and as the place was remote from the see of the bishop, and the mail arrivals "few and far between," the prayer composed and authorized by the right reverend was of no use when it arrived, for the cholera had taken its leave: like a "last year's almanac," it was out of date. The writer heard Mr. Clark relate this case, with effect, to a certain lady, who in a stage coach attempted, with much assurance, to elevate the Prayer Book very nearly, if not quite, to a level with the Bible; and also to convince him that the Protestant Episcopal Church was that which alone was calculated to secure appropriate and acceptable worship. Another case was mentioned on that occasion, which also illustrates the same truth: In the State of Vermont, it is customary to have the sessions of the

Supreme Court, on the first day, opened with prayer. Judge R——, who was for many years chief justice, made it his rule to invite the clergy to officiate in turn. On one occasion he requested the sheriff to bear his respects to the Episcopal clergyman, and invite him to call at the hotel, and walk with him to the court-house, and offer prayer. The sheriff soon returned, and reported that the reverend gentleman declined the invitation, because the book contained no prayer adapted to the occasion. "Well," said the judge, "go and bring the Methodist preacher, and see if he can't make one." This was done, and a prayer was made which answered a very good purpose, and the court was relieved of embarrassment.

It may be expected that the writer will, before entering upon an account of Mr. Clark's labors among the Indians, give some account of that people, in relation to their history, mythology, and characteristics. But he must be excused from going at length into either of these departments, for others have, to some extent, done that work. It is with pleasure that reference is made to the works of Messrs. Schoolcraft and M'Kenney, as the best expositions of Indian character and customs. These writers have had the best opportunities that could be secured for becoming acquainted with the subjects of which they treat, and they have been the true friends of the outcast children of the forest.

But the best opportunities are but indifferent, for the time has passed away unimproved. The true and proper time was before the Indian had been changed, either for better or worse, by contact with the whites, and before hostilities had rendered him suspicious and reserved. Those who had the earliest opportunities for forming a true estimate of the Indian character and history had other motives in view. The hardy leaders of exploring expeditions never thought of inquiring whether the Indians had any history or mythology, but were intent on discovery and conquest, or sudden wealth, by means of a commerce which exerted a baneful and ruinous effect upon those inexperienced children of nature; and the early settlers were neither qualified nor disposed to pursue a course of investigation in relation to the subject. They had enough to do in clearing away the forest, erecting habitations, and planting the fields; and, in general, they were aggressors, without even the form of honor or honesty. And before the men came who were fitted for the work of impartial and patient investigation, the hostilities and jealousies which were engendered effectually prevented all easy access to the history and internal life of those interesting specimens of humanity. Our government has too often acted as if the Indian had no rights, but was fair game for unprincipled agents,

provided their course was productive of the enlargement of the public domain. Treaties have been made with unauthorized and self-appointed persons from among the Indians; and those treaties have been enforced by all the power of the nation against the weak and injured party, until their blood has moistened their hunting-grounds, and their bleaching bones are left unburied upon the graves of their fathers!

By such intercourse with the Indians, some traits in their character have been demonstrated. Their expertness in war, their skill, stratagem, and contempt of suffering; their fortitude even in death, and their noble sentiments of independence, have all been seen and admired. But their moral capabilities have not been searched out nor aided. They have been left to perish at our doors, under the blighting influence of the "fire waters," dealt out to them by the murderous hand of cupidity; and the power of the white man has been exerted for their destruction, and not for their salvation. There are some noble exceptions, and it is with sincere pleasure that they are acknowledged. There have been a few Elliotts and Brainards in the earlier periods of our intercourse with them, and a few Cases, and Clarks, and Chandlers, and Finleys, of later date, who were willing to labor for the elevation of the poor red man.

The Indians are said to be cruel, and it must be confessed that their practice of torturing their captives has furnished ground for the charge. But is there not some little palliation to be pleaded, so far as their white captives are concerned? These the Indian regarded as trespassers upon his vested rights; as his worst enemies, whom he was bound to extirpate, and who deserved the harshest treatment. And to some extent this estimate was correct. Revenge for injuries received fired their souls, and, in their estimation, was justifiable. Let every charge be brought against them which truth will justify, and after allowing them all, we may adopt the language of Mrs. Clark, the wife (now widow) of our missionary. "Tell me of any vice or crime of which the Indians are guilty, and of which white men are innocent, and I will allow that the Indians are worse than the whites."

The writer is not able to persuade himself that the red man had a just and God-given right to retain all this continent forever as mere hunting-ground; and hence he is not of the number who regard their title as inalienable. The first man was put into the garden to "dress and keep it," and when driven out into "the wide, wide world," it was to "till the earth and subdue it." It was never the design of Him who "gave the earth to the children of men," that any tribes should live

merely by the chase, and, therefore, none has the right to hold in perpetuity sufficient territory to answer such a purpose. But it is insisted that discovery does not give a valid title to countries already inhabited, else navigators from the interior of Africa, who have never heard of these flourishing states, might discover them, and we ought to give them up without resistance. A fair remuneration was the Indian's right, and no government or person had the right to dispossess him without a fair and honest contract. But the course too generally pursued was oppressive and unjust, and tended to engender strife and discord. Such effects tended to prevent a true knowledge of the Indian character in its more internal aspects; and the researches of the authors before named were much hindered, although none have enjoyed better opportunities for particular and extended investigations.

The Indians believed in the Great Spirit, whom they always located in the sky, and to whom they ascribed many of his true attributes. They always regarded him as omniscient and the hearer of prayer; he is supreme in power, and infinite in goodness. But they were, at the same time, polytheists; they clothed the fields, forests, and waters with divinities, and regarded every part of creation as animated by spirits, visible and invisible. Some were malignant and some benign, and they presided over the

affairs and destinies of men. These must be propitiated by sacrifice, and their offerings must be followed by fasts to render them acceptable, and by feasts to express gratitude. Such is the groundwork of their religion; but superstition has grafted upon the original stock, until it has become monstrous with demonology, witchcraft, and necromancy. They have no succession in the priesthood, but, like the office of war-captain, it is assumed and exercised by men of more than ordinary acuteness and cunning. It is conferred by the election of *opinion*, but not of votes. While they regard the Great Spirit as having his residence in the sky, they invariably locate the minor divinities in the earth. The idea of a universal deluge is fully entertained by all the Indians, and it is found in their tales and legends, even at the greatest distance from civilization and Christianity. They have also some crude notions of the *incarnation*, as is evident from legends gathered and translated by Mr. Schoolcraft.

The Indians are almost universally fond of the "fire waters," and will part with the most highly-prized and useful articles in exchange for the destructive beverage. Colonel M'Kenney visited Drummond's Island on the occasion of the Indians drawing their annuity from the British government, and, in speaking of a kind of torch-light dance, he says:

"It is not possible to give a description of the looks and gestures of those staggering and naked Indians when seen by torch-light. The torch is made of birch-bark, and emits a large flame, with much smoke. The glare from one is livid, but a hundred, all lighted at once, and flaring about in all directions, and reflecting upon naked and painted savages, with bells rattling from their long and plaited locks, and who, every now and then, fall into a thicket, and letting go their grasp of the torch, send it flaming and smoking along the ground, produced an effect not easy to describe, while its fittest resemblance is that hell of which we read, where the wicked are said to 'gnash their teeth,' and from whence 'the smoke of their torment' ascends. All this comes of whisky! We saw a log-house on the island, where a sutler had fixed himself, and I counted seventeen empty barrels. For their contents these poor wretches had exchanged their fine Mackinaw blankets, kettles, knives, calicoes, &c., which they had drawn from the government."

There is scarcely any evil so great as that of drunkenness; and the introduction of whisky among the Indians is one of the greatest wrongs which vicious and covetous white men have inflicted upon that abused people.

A curious, yet tragic account, is given by both

M'Kenney and Schoolcraft, which illustrates the Indian's love of strong drink, and also his fancied manliness. At a grand council, at which were assembled many Indians from various tribes, there were present, General Cass, General Scott, Colonel M'Kenney, Mr. Schoolcraft, and many other officers, both civil and military. After the business of the council was finished, and many of the Indians had left, there was heard the startling cry of murder! The officers and others rushed to the spot, and found a woman prostrate and bleeding profusely, while an Indian was brandishing his bloody knife over the victim. Mr. Schoolcraft seized him by his long hair, and instantly laid him on his back, placing his knee upon his breast and holding him fast. On inquiry it was ascertained that he had attempted to take the life of the woman, who was his mother-in-law, because she had endeavored to dissuade him from going into the woods to buy whisky of a skulking villain, who had concealed himself there for the purpose of supplying them with the article in exchange for the presents which they had just received at the treaty. The wrath of the Indian was kindled against her, because she had presumed to interfere with the pleasure or purpose of a *man;* and the more especially, because she ventured to take him by the arm to hold him back from the way to drunkenness. He raised

his knife to kill her on the spot, and, as she attempted to parry the blow, its whole force fell upon her arm, and his second attempt was warded off by the other arm, which also received a frightful gash.

The Indian was taken before Governor Cass, and the case was related with all its circumstances, when the governor decided to *make a woman of him!* The Indians gathered around, to whom the governor gave an address, portraying the criminality and meanness of the act, and sentenced the culprit to degradation, as one unworthy the name of *man.* An old greasy *petticoat* was found, and, in the presence of both whites and Indians, he was deprived of his own clothing, invested with the apparel of woman, and chased from the hill on which the ceremony was performed. He rushed into a lodge, fell on his face, and bemoaned his fate, choosing rather to die than live. It is said that he never recovered his position with his tribe, but was ever after considered as disfranchised and degraded. The whisky-trader fled to a place of concealment, and so avoided a fate not less degrading.

The eloquence of the Indian is allowed and admired, and a few brief specimens may be appropriate in this place.

When in council with General Harrison, in his military tent, Tecumseh gave a powerful address,

at the conclusion of which it was perceived that no chair had been provided for him. The general ordered the chair, and said, "Your father requests you to take a chair." The warrior, suspecting, perhaps, that it was more an affront than oversight, with an air of offended dignity declined the proffered seat, and, calmly seating himself on the ground, said, "My father! The sun is my father, and the earth is my mother: I will recline upon her bosom."

During the Florida troubles, which resulted in war, a Seminole chief said to General Clinch: "You have arms, and so have we; you have powder and lead, and so have we; you have men, and so have we; your men will fight, and so will ours, till the last drop of the Seminole's blood shall moisten his hunting-ground."

Schenandoah, a celebrated chief of the Oneida tribe, lived to a great age; and in his last public speech said, "Brothers! I am an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches, and *I am dead at the top.*"

Pushmataha, a venerable chief of a Western tribe, at a council held in Washington many years since, alluding to his great age and the prospect of speedy death, said: "My children will walk through the forests, and the Great Spirit will whisper in the tree-tops, and the flowers will spring up in the trail, but

Pushmataha will not hear; he will not see the flowers; he will be gone. His people will know that he is dead. The news will come to their ears as the sound of the fall of a mighty oak in the stillness of the forest."

The following is a specimen of eloquence in words and actions united. The Treaty of New Euchota was the work of only three men, Major Ridge, his son John, and Elias Boudinot; all Indians, who had been bribed: and when it was shown, with all clearness, that these men were not authorized to make a treaty for the Cherokees, ceding away their lands, still the government held them to it by force, and compelled them to remove. And when the brave Osceola was commanded by the agent to affix his mark to the document, which was miscalled a treaty, and threatened with punishment by the power of the United States if he refused, that noble chief drew his knife, and approaching the table on which the document lay, said, "If I *must* make my mark, *there it is;*" thrusting the knife through the document into the table! For this he was seized as a prisoner, and his people made to endure all the horrors of a desolating war!

The poetry of the Indians is simple and infantile, yet it shows their capability. The following is a translation of the *war-song* of a Chippewa chief, by Mr. Schoolcraft:

"On that day when our heroes lay low—lay low,
On that day when our heroes lay low;
I fought by their side, and I thought ere I died,
Just vengeance to take on the foe—on the foe,
Just vengeance to take on the foe.

"On that day when our chieftains lay dead—lay dead,
On that day when our chieftains lay dead,
I fought hand to hand, at the head of my band,
And here on my breast have I bled—have I bled,
And here on my breast have I bled.

"Our chiefs shall return no more—no more,
Our chiefs shall return no more,
And their brothers in war who can't show scar for scar,
Like women their fate shall deplore—shall deplore,
Like women their fate shall deplore.

"Five winters in hunting we'll spend—we'll spend,
Five winters in hunting we'll spend;
Then our boys grown to men, to the war lead again,
And our days, like our fathers', we'll end—we'll end,
And our days, like our fathers', we'll end."

Perhaps the following appeal, or something like it, at least in sentiment, finds a response in many pious hearts at this time. The lines were written by a lady in Connecticut, and published in "*M'Kenney's Personal Memoirs.*"

"I dwell with the tempest, I'm rock'd by the storm;
No pillow of luxury come I to crave;
Sole lord of the brute, in whose furs I am warm,
Yet pity the red man, ye sons of the wave.

"Ere the wide-spreading ocean, now rolling so blue,
Your forefathers bore from afar to our shore;
These forests comprised all the pleasures we knew;
Then pity the red man, now happy no more.

"Ye dwell at the fountain of mental delight,
Whose streams intellectual deliciously roll;
And when the rich banquets so freely invite,
O, pity the red man; he too has a soul!

"O, teach him that *Name*, to all Christians so dear,
Your passport to mansions of glory on high;
That NAME which supports you in death, without fear;
Declare to the red man, *and teach him to die.*"

Mr. Clark was now entering upon new ground, and engaging in work which required all his skill and prudence, as well as the great firmness and untiring energy, which were among his prominent characteristics. Having laid himself on the missionary altar, he was ready to labor in that field so long as Providence should prepare his way.

While at anchor off Fort Brady, just below Sault Ste. Marie, he was informed that four Indian speakers, who labored there for some time with good success, were about to leave for their homes in Canada West, on account of cholera. This was not, at that time, his field of labor; yet, feeling a strong desire that none of the poor Indians might be left without instruction, he wrote to those brethren a letter of encouragement, and urged them to stay a while longer. To that letter he received this answer:

"Sault Ste. Marie, *July* 16, 1832.

"Dear Brother,—With haste I now write these few lines, to let you know that we are going to start to-day for home; not because of the sickness, but because our time is out. We was to been home three weeks ago; and on account of that we must go to-day, if it please the Lord. The Indians want us to stay very much, but cannot. We expect that Brother John Sunday will come soon after this; he was to been here three weeks ago. We shall meet him on the way if he is coming at all.

"Dear brother, we are very glad for what the Lord has done among the poor Indians since we have been here. About sixty of them have given themselves to the Lord. We hope that the Lord will bless them very much, and save them in heaven forever. We are very glad indeed that you wrote to us, though we do not know you; but we love all the people of God. The names of friends are these: David Sawyer, Thomas M'Gee, James Youngs. This is all I have to say: very great haste.

I am your friend in Christ,

George Henry."

These men had labored there only about eight weeks; yet they had seen spiritual prosperity, and were greatly endeared to the Indians whom they had instructed.

CHAPTER VII.

INDIAN MISSIONS—CONTINUED.

Green Bay — Its Situation — Visits the Indian Settlement — His Talk — Daniel Adams — The Council — Favorable Reception — First House erected for Schools and Worship — Dedication — Lord's Supper — Dimensions, &c., of the House — First Methodist Class — The School and Sabbath School — John Sunday at Sault Ste. Marie — Saginaw Bay — Mr. Clark in the East — Letter from Daniel Adams.

On reaching his field of labor the missionary proceeded without delay to the work before him. In a letter to the Board, dated September 5th, 1832, he gives a brief description of the locality, and of the prospects as he viewed them:

"Green Bay is a fine sheet of water, on the west side of Lake Michigan, formed by a chain of islands, lying in a direction about northeast and southwest. The bay is one hundred miles long, and, in some places, forty miles wide. The head of the bay is in north latitude 44° 39′, ten degrees west from Washington. The white settlement is located mostly on the left bank of the Fox River, extending up the river about five miles from the head of the bay. The population is about one thousand, most of whom are French Catholics, but greatly amalgamated with the Menomonee Indians, over whom it is said they

have great influence. There is evidently great necessity for a thorough revival of religion here.

"The Indian settlement, whose interests were specially kept in view in establishing this mission, is located about twenty-five miles from this place, on the left bank of the Fox River. Their situation is healthy, and the land productive."

He soon visited the Indians there, with Daniel Adams, a native preacher in the Mohawk language. Anthony John, the principal chief, called together the whole settlement to receive them. Mr. Clark addressed them in as simple words as possible, making known the objects of the mission; after which Daniel spoke in a very feeling manner. He was followed by several Indians, who expressed their desire for a missionary, and their great joy that these had arrived. They then went into council with reference to a school, and fixed on a site for a school-house and place of worship. An Indian female was employed to take charge of the school for the present; for, it will be remembered, that here were Indians who were formerly of the Oneida tribe, in the State of New-York, and that among them were some who were converted before their emigration. These had continued firm in the faith, praying and hoping for a missionary. Daniel Adams was left here as the missionary, while Mr. Clark preached at this place and Green Bay on alternate Sabbaths.

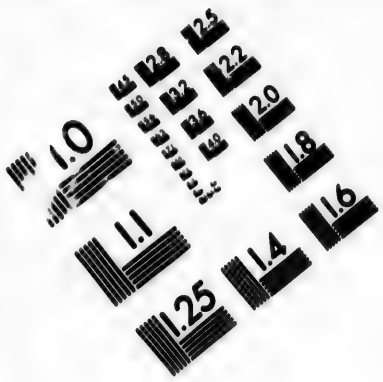
On the 15th of September, 1832, they had the pleasure of seeing their house for a school and for worship completed; and a class was formed of twenty-five Indian members, most of whom gave evidence of a change of heart, and all desired to "flee from the wrath to come, and be saved from their sins." The next day being the Sabbath, they dedicated their house to the service of the great Head of the Church. Mr. Clark gave them a "talk" on 2 Corinthians, viii, 9, which, says he, "they received with many a falling tear." After the sermon he baptized Adam, an Indian child, son of John and Mary Smith, both persons of piety. He then gave the Lord's Supper to thirty-five or forty Indians, all "meekly kneeling upon their knees." Among these were some Presbyterians as well as Methodists; and they belonged to three different tribes, Oneidas, Stockbridges, and Tuscaroras. On that occasion the missionary says, "It was truly a season of melting interest. I have seldom enjoyed one of greater happiness at the table of our blessed Lord."

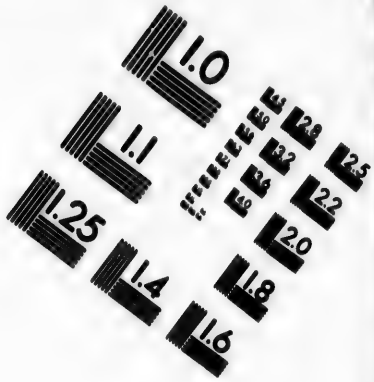
Who that has a Christian heart can contemplate the scenes of that hallowed day without emotion? True, this first Church, under the supervision of this self-denying missionary, was an humble structure, only twenty-four by thirty feet, and built of logs. There were no cushioned seats, nor richly-trimmed pulpit, nor sounding organ; but it was a holy place,

and the Saviour, who is "meek and lowly in heart," and whose birthplace was a manger, was with the humble, happy band on that joyous occasion.

On the next day they assembled to organize a school, and men, women, and children were present. After a brief address from Mr. Clark, remarks were made by Messrs. Marsh and Stevens, of the Stockbridge Presbyterian Mission. The chief, Anthony John, urged his people to avail themselves of the advantages afforded them, and declared his purpose to do all in his power to forward the designs of the mission. They sung, and prayed, and opened the school with thirty Indian children. By special agreement with the teacher, a Sabbath school was to be taught regularly, for the benefit of adults as well as children.

Mr. Clark had the satisfaction of learning from Mr. Schoolcraft, the Indian agent of Sault Ste. Marie, that John Sunday had arrived at that place, and was laboring with good success. He wrote him and the converted Indians a letter of encouragement and Christian greeting; and also desired that Mr. Schoolcraft would inform the chiefs that, if it pleased God, they should have a missionary and school in the spring. That Christian gentleman was always ready to encourage every good work, and used all his influence in favor of the missionaries. Had all the Indian agents under the general government been





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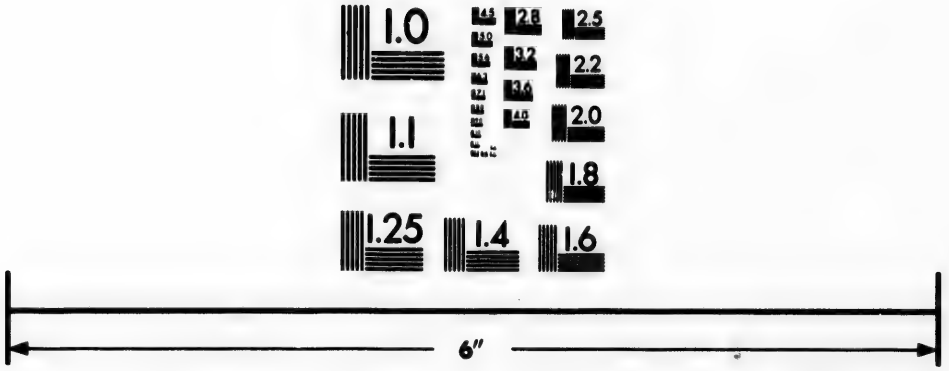

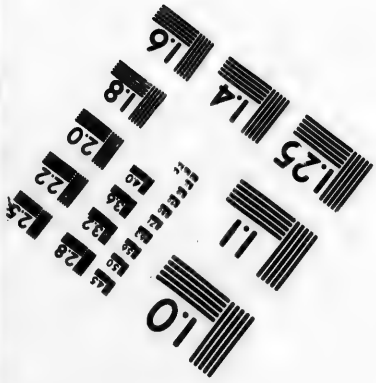

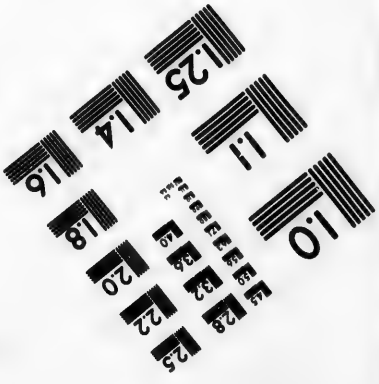

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like him, there would be a less dark account against our nation in the court of heaven.

Mr. Clark had his eye upon the vast field, and exerted himself to secure laborers for all its waste places. He had applied to that veteran missionary, Wm. Case, of Canada, for helpers, as it was his desire to establish a mission at Saginaw Bay, on the west side of Lake Huron. Mr. Case responded to the call, and sent laborers to that place, to act under the direction of Mr. Clark; but the dread of cholera, both by the natives and the speakers from Canada, caused an entire failure, and the young men returned home without even visiting the place of their destination.

Having arranged the work, so far as he was able, until more helpers should be furnished, Mr. Clark returned home to prepare his family for removal to the Indian country in the spring. He found Mrs. Clark in her usual health, with a fine boy nearly three months old, born in his absence. This son they named John Emory; he is now the only remaining child.

During the season which he passed in the East he was mindful of his own special work, and labored for its advancement. He traveled extensively in the regions of his earlier toils, and was everywhere received as the beloved minister. During a part of the time he took the appointments of the presiding elder of the Troy District, Rev. A. Scolefield, who was dis-

abled by sickness. In November he attended a meeting of the Mission Board in New-York, and gave them, in person, an account of the wants and openings in the Indian country. He received several letters from his mission-field which greatly cheered his heart, one of which the reader will be glad to peruse. It was written by Daniel Adams, the native preacher whom Mr. Clark had left at the mission on the Fox River, near Green Bay. It was his first attempt at missionary correspondence in the English language:

"Dear Brother,—I love you much in the Lord. I want to tell you a few words. I feel in my heart to rejoice every day because we have so many good meetings here. The Lord pours out his Holy Spirit, and carries on his work among us, in that he is bringing poor, drunken Indians out of nature's darkness into his marvelous light of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. O yes, dear brother! we rejoice over more converted Indians sin e you saw me last. I have indeed, for my part, experienced the greatest blessings while I have been laboring here. I will tell you, dear brother, how great things God has done for my poor Indians. Some of them have got religion! When converted, they no more get drunk, for their hearts have become new. You know, dear brother, what the word of God says: 'Therefore, if any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature: old things are passed away, and behold, all things are become new.' I feel to thank God, and rejoice in my heart.

"Dear brother, you must make haste and come back early in the spring. I want you to build another school-house at Deer Creek when you come. You know that a great many Indians there got no religion, and know nothing about the Saviour. I hope,

by-and-by, to spread the Gospel in that place. You must pray for them poor Indians. While I write to you it makes me rejoice. But I hope to meet you in heaven, that good place, where will be no more sin and sorrow, and where we will part no more forever. A word of advice will be thankfully received by your Christian brethren in the Lord. DANIEL ADAMS."

Mr. Clark's visit home, and his labors here, awakened a deeper interest in behalf of Indian Missions; and they were aided the following spring by donations of goods, clothing, books, &c., to the amount of three hundred dollars.

CHAPTER VIII.

INDIAN MISSIONS—CONTINUED.

Mr. Clark returns to his Field—A Sabbath at Detroit—The evening Meeting—Thomas Frazier—W. Herkimer—Peter Jones—Storm on Lake Huron—Sault Ste. Marie—Location—H. Brady—Indian Labors—John Sunday's Missionary Speech—Proselyting—Council—Answer Favorable—Peter Jones—Preacher's House—Laboring with his own Hands—Week-day and Sabbath-school—Class-meetings—Indians sincere and earnest—"A Sabbath Morning at Green Bay"—Houses at Duck Creek—Marriage of Miss Quinney and Daniel Adams—His Labors—Removal to Kansas—Death—Mrs. Adams.

Mr. Clark returned to his distant field in the spring of 1833, taking his family with him. On the way he was joined by four Indians, all pious men, who devoted themselves to the missionary work. They passed a Sabbath at Detroit; and the reader will be glad to read the following account of the meeting as published in the *Detroit Courier*:

"Rev. John Clark, who has been appointed by the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society to labor as a missionary among the Chippewas, arrived in this city on Saturday last, accompanied by four Indians, all of whom are devoted Christians. On the evening of last Sabbath, a scene was presented at the Methodist meeting-house well calculated to awaken the sympathies of Christians, and excite a deep

interest in all who were privileged to witness it. After an able discourse from the Rev. Mr. Clark, these natives of the forest rose, and in a simple and earnest manner most affectingly addressed the audience.

'Thomas, the youngest of the four, in his own simple way, adverted to past years when he visited Detroit, and so frequently saw poor Indians drunk. He spoke of the cruelty of white men in giving liquor to the Indians to destroy them. He told of the happiness he enjoyed in religion, and how dear to him was the Saviour. He said he had thought a great deal about poor Indians; and with much earnestness entreated that Christians would pray for them, that they might be made acquainted with the Saviour. He closed his brief but touching appeal with an exhortation to all to seek religion. Thomas was much embarrassed at the commencement of his remarks, and said he was a poor Indian, and could not speak our language very well.

"The next Indian who spoke was William Herkimer. Though not less embarrassed than the first, he could speak better English. He briefly contrasted the high and numerous privileges of white people with those of the Indians. 'But,' said he, 'the Saviour is equally precious to the red man as to the white.' He spoke with deep feeling of his own sinfulness and of the preciousness of the

Saviour, and exhorted Indians to shun whisky, and prayed that the Great Spirit would lead all to embrace religion.

"Peter Jones, the most intelligent of the four, had addressed the meeting previous to the sermon. He speaks our language well, and his manner was simple, sincere, and solemn. The evidence he gave to the reality of true religion, to the power of the Holy Spirit, and the consolations of the true believer, could not but reach the heart and move the sympathies of a large portion, if not of all his hearers. His prayer in the Indian language, though unintelligible to the congregation, was marked with much fervor and humility of manner; and when, at the close, he sent up his earnest desire in our own language, the effect was like the deep, and solemn, and irresistible appeal of the 'still, small voice' of God, over the whole assembly. The exercises were closed with a hymn in the Indian language, sung by the four Indian brethren.

"The whole scene we have thus delineated was one of peculiar character. It speaks volumes to the infidel, while the humble and devoted Christian was cheered by the promise of a glorious triumph of the Redeemer's kingdom. Here was Christianity in its infancy; and though, like a grain of mustard seed, it brings forth but a tender and weakly crop, it is of God's right-hand planting, and will soon

'stretch its branches to the river, and its boughs to the ends of the earth.' The earth is too narrow for its purposes. It points forward to an eternity!

"These interesting visitors left us on Monday. Jones and Herkimer will accompany Mr. Clark to Sault Ste. Marie, and labor in the same field among the Chippewas. The others, Frazer and M'Gee, will proceed to Green Bay, and remain with the Menomonees."

On the 13th of June Mr. Clark wrote to the Board at New-York, informing them of his safe arrival at Sault Ste. Marie, after a passage of twenty-six days from Troy, N. Y. The last twenty miles were passed in an open birch-bark canoe. While off Saginaw Bay, Lake Huron, they encountered a severe gale, which continued from Friday afternoon until Monday morning. The waters of Huron were lashed into fury, and the waves appeared like little hills running a race. They were obliged to enter the bay, and lie at anchor until the storm had passed over. On reaching the Sault they were received by the sub-agent with great cordiality, for he appeared deeply interested in everything which promised to improve the condition of the Indians. Mr. Schoolcraft, the agent, had removed to Mackinaw.

This new field of labor was a very healthy little town, in about 46° 30′ north latitude, on the River St. Mary, between Lakes Superior and Huron. Its

name, Sault Ste. Marie, (pronounced So St. Mary,) literally means the *Falls*, or *Leap*, of St. Mary. Here is located Fort Brady. The religious history of the place, so far as the Indians are concerned, is thus given by Mr. Clark:

"The work of God commenced among the Indians about two years ago, under the labors of John Sunday and his colleagues. He began his labors first on the Canada, and then on the American side of the river, and in both places saw much fruit of his labors. In a short time the change produced in the conduct of many of the Indians, was matter of astonishment to all.

"In the fall of that year Sunday returned with his company to Grape Island, and visited this place again in August following. During this absence the work did not prosper as he had expected it would; but that servant of God was not discouraged, for those who had believed were steadfast, and some new converts were added to their number. Last fall Sunday went to Lake Superior, and left John Cah-beach and John Taunchy to take care of the work at the Sault. These brethren, by their pious integrity and attention to their various duties, have done honor to their profession."

The reader has heard of this John Sunday before, and will be pleased to read a portion of one of his missionary speeches:

"My dear Brothers and Sisters,—I want to say a few words to you. I can't say much, by reason I not speak your language. . . . . Once I live in the woods like wild man, but more like monkey. I thank the Great Spirit for bring me out from darkness. When I live in the woods my father and mother teach me *fast* when six years old. I often expect the Great Spirit will bless me. I fast often till nineteen years old, but find no peace in my heart, no spirit to bless me.

"About ten years ago these good men [Rev. Mr. Case and Peter Jones] come to Belleville. I was poor drunken Indian. I hear the words of God. Peter begin speak about two roads—broad and narrow road, where all people go when they die. Before this, I think white people go one place; Indians another place, away to the west. If they together, white people and Indians can't talk. Peter say, there two ways. If white people get drunk, if Indians get drunk, they all go in the broad way—they go to hell! I feel very bad, not sleep much for nights, never feel so bad before! But I thank the Great Spirit for what he done for me now, and for poor Indians in the woods.

"About eight years ago I can't read; I don't know one letter, one a, b, c. One evening went into wigwam; one Indian had a little book reading; I think I stop, and hear him say a, b, c. When he done, I

try; me say it three times, and just take half an hour to learn this a, b, c. I thank the Great Spirit, I can read a little now. When I want to hear God's words, I open Testament and hear Jesus, what he say.

"One time I go to New-York. Peter Jacobs was translating; Brother Case give me the book near Schenectady. I think then I can read; but I try, can't read, and I feel very sorry in my heart. I jump from the boat and go to the woods, away from the canal, and pray the Great Spirit teach me to read. I cry much, and pray, and cry again. The Lord bless me then. I try to read again in the evening; I read a little, I understand *one verse!*

"By and by I read in Testament, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Then I think I'll go into the woods and preach, and try to find lost sheep. One time I go up Lake Huron, five years ago. I got half bushel flour, and eight pounds pork. That not much to go one thousand miles. Flour soon gone, pork gone, all gone; I got nothing more. I prayed. I think I'll go in the woods and find something. One time we are very hungry. Two Indians say, 'We'll go to the island, and get gulls' eggs.' Then we go; the wind so high, we can't come back. We stay on the island all night, and eat eggs. We had prayer-meeting there among the gulls. Jesus there too; had good meeting in our hearts away there on that lake.

"Next morning, Saturday, wind fell. The Indians say, 'Sunday come soon; we got nothing to eat; can't hunt.' I say, 'Trust in Jesus Christ;' and we begin to fish: soon catch big sturgeon, five feet long. That night we go on a little island, big as this meeting-house. We had plenty sturgeon; had preaching there; we were three, and Jesus Christ make four: it was good meeting.

"Now I'll tell you about Ke-wa-we-non, about three hundred miles above St. Mary, on Lake Superior. When I am at St. Mary a trader come there after skoot-a-wa-boo, (fire-water.) By and by he come to me and say, Ke-wa-we-non, and speak to my Indians. I feel very bad; something in my heart don't want to go. I can't sleep, thinking about preaching there. This was November, very cold. By and by I think, I'll not go home: I'll go to Mr. Schoolcraft, Indian agent, on American side. He was very pleased to have me go, and give me provisions. Mr. Holliday, the trader, took me to Ke-wa-we-non. I feel very cold outside, but the fire was in my heart. We travel two weeks. When we get there we get all the Indians together, and the trader say, 'This time I got no fire-water, I change my mind down there.' The Indians very angry because he don't take skoot-a-wa-boo. By and by I speak about Jesus. They say, 'If we become Christians, we can't live long, we can't catch deer nor fish:' but I say, 'You are much

mistake. The white man got plenty good houses, plenty horses, and cows, and vessels, and plenty steam-boats, because he worship the true God.' I stay seven months, talking in their wigwams. By and by they begin to like to hear about Jesus, and before I come away nine got religion, and eight more are sick here, [pointing to his heart.] This summer I got a letter from an old Indian there. He say, 'We wish you here again. I very poor, got nothing but one old blanket coat; but I know my Father in heaven is rich. When I get there, I shall have plenty.' This letter make me cry.

"My dear white brothers! I thank you for what you have done. Fifty Indians last ten years where I come from love Jesus. Many die happy, and talk about Jesus just before they die. Last summer I got very sick; I think I'm going to die, but Jesus not want me yet: the missionary meeting cured me. See Indians at Credit, Rice Lake, and many places. Once they get drunk, fight, kill each other! Now they live in houses, raise their own bread. I thank you for give us schools: yes, now they got schools, thank God. But there many Indians back in the woods; the fields are white, ready for the harvest. I wish I had something to give. Well, I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll give myself to God to use me a little. Jesus Christ say, 'I make you fishers of men.' I want you to pray for these fishermen, [ministers,] that they

may have good luck this year. When I go to Quebec I hear a man say, 'I go to Africa, try to catch black fish;' I'll try to catch *red* fish. I hope when we done suffer here we shall go to our Friend in heaven, and be with him forever. This is all I have to say."

This John Sunday was a man of great good sense, and no small degree of shrewdness. When he was in Canada East, some years since, addressing missionary meetings, he perceived that many persons who came out of curiosity to hear him, would retire the moment he had closed his address. This course he considered rude; and besides, it was prompted by covetousness, or a desire to dodge the collection; and he resolved to secure the money first, and then give his speech. By this course he reached those who would have enjoyed the luxury without contributing to the cause in which he was engaged.

On the arrival of Mr. Clark at the Sault, he found that strong efforts had been made by the Rev. Mr. ——, of the English Church, to induce all the Indians to remove to the British side of the river, and place themselves under his instructions. Surely, low proselytism is confined to no latitude. The effort proved a failure; and the Methodists, under whose labors the work commenced, were permitted to carry it forward, and train up the converts whom God had given them.

Our misionary lost no time in preparing for future operations. He met the principal Indians in council, and stated the object of his coming among them, asking their consent and coöperation. They deferred a final answer until the next Monday; but in the meantime the principal young chief assured him that nothing on their part should hinder the erection of a house of worship, and a place for a school.

The final reply of the chiefs was favorable; indeed, all seemed anxious for a school. One young chief, by the name of Ke-wan-ze-shaw-wan-no, said he had no heart to shut the door against the missionary. He had often heard of the Great Spirit, of the good place above, and desired to go there; but he was weak, and had no wisdom, and the evil would often trip him up. He wanted his children instructed, that they might grow up strong and resist the evil. Mr. Clark says:

"The whole was very interesting, and my Christian sympathies were not a little stirred on the occasion.

"Brother Peter Jones, with other native speakers, came with me, and are daily laboring among the Indian brethren. Their meetings are very interesting. Our mission family consists of myself, wife, and two little children; with Miss Gardner, of Troy, and Miss Bailies, of New-York. We are all in comfortable health and good spirits; and feel that Providence opens our way to live and labor for these lost sheep.

"By the pious labors of Brother Jones I have been much aided, both in administering the ordinances of the Church, and by his counsels in regard to our plans for future usefulness in the Chippewa country. I regard Sault Ste. Marie but as the threshold of the Indian country. By your citizens, I suppose, it is called the interior; but, arrive here, and you will hear of the interior as further west. Yes, and in that interior I hope ere long to see the wandering Indians coming home to Christ. Glory be to God, the work is already begun!"

In August, 1833, Mr. Clark says: "My recent visit to Green Bay has prevented my building; but I hope to commence preparing timber to-morrow. In this work I am almost wholly alone. My only sure dependence is upon Brother H. Whitehead, from Troy, New-York, who has nobly volunteered his services without charge, except for board, while he is in my employ. He is late from England; an exhorter, pious and useful, and by trade a shop-joiner. To hire laborers is almost impossible; but as I understand the use of the ax, saw, and hammer, and, to some extent, of the plane, I shall put my own shoulder to the wheel, and trust in Providence for success."

As a temporary arrangement, a week-day and Sabbath school was commenced in their own hired house, under the care of Miss Lydia Gardner, of

Troy, New-York. Class-meetings were held weekly, and prayer-meetings four and five times each week. Let none despise those little meetings, or imagine that the worship of the Indians is not intelligent and acceptable. Their praying is always with simple earnestness, and often with "strong crying and tears;" and their singing is strangely sweet and melodious. Take the following beautiful testimony from Colonel M'Kenney.

"A SABBATH MORNING AT GREEN BAY.

"How rarely has it happened, in the course of my observations, that this holy day has been vexed with the strife of elements. On the contrary, all is still. The voice of their Maker would seem to have hushed river and forest into silence; and then to have bade the sun to wheel himself up from his depths in the east, and pour over all, unobscured by clouds, a tempered heat, and crown the world with special loveliness.

"The dawn of this morning was peculiarly beautiful. 'Rosy fingers seemed to unbar the gates of light.' Violet and purple, with a wide and widening circle of 'orient pearl,' all meet my eye with their charming and chastening influence. And then such a silence! Not a leaf rustled in the wind, and the waves broke in softer murmurs on the shore. The tree-tops now began to revel in the beams, and the highlands to drink in the sparkling glory, till the entire circuit of

the heavens was full of the mingled splendors of this Sabbath morn.

"Yet all this silence was broken in upon this morning; for just at the time when the eastern sky was made mellow by the sun's rays, and all was so quiet, my ears were greeted with the soft sounds of music. They came from the lodge of Christian Indians, which was hard by in the woods. They had risen with the day to worship God. They sung in three parts—bass, tenor, and treble—and with time so true, and voices so sweet, as to add harmony even to nature itself. I attended their worship, and was with them again in the evening; and as I listened to their praises and prayers, I felt humbled and ashamed of my country, in view of the wrongs it had inflicted, and continues to inflict, upon these desolate and destitute children of the forest. Flowers and gems were there, which needed only to be cultivated and polished, to insure from the one the emission of as sweet odors as ever regaled the circles of the civilized, and from the other a brilliance as dazzling as ever sparkled in the diadem of queenly beauty; and yet they were, and are, neglected, trodden down, and treated as outcasts."

In the summer of 1833, the superintendent contracted for two houses—the one for a school, and the other for the teacher—at Duck Creek, where the Indians were intending to remove; for they had sold

their lands near Green Bay. The houses were to be made substantial and comfortable for three hundred dollars. The school had prospered well under the care of Miss Quinney, the native teacher. At an examination at the end of the first year, Mr. Clark says: "In all the branches taught there had been a very encouraging proficiency; and in geography, history, and mental arithmetic, the examination was truly interesting." Miss Quinney had recently become the wife of the native missionary, Daniel Adams.

This devoted missionary and his pious and intelligent wife, after laboring for some years in that place, went among their people in the Kansas country, as missionaries. There Mr. Adams died in the Lord; and his pious widow still lives and labors in that region.

In the autumn of 1844, Bishop Morris, in company with other brethren on their way to the Indian Mission Conference, at Tallequah, in the Cherokee Nation, spent a Sabbath at the Seneca Mission, the late field of Mr. Adams's missionary toil. He had been dead a few months, and was much lamented; for he had when living the affections of the people of his charge. Mrs. Adams still occupies the mission house, in which the bishop preached on the Sabbath. He bears witness to her intelligence, piety, hospitality, and general good character among her neighbors.

CHAPTER IX.

INDIAN MISSIONS—CONTINUED.

Fort Brady, its History—Revival—First Winter at Sault Ste. Marie—Extent of Charge—Whisky Drinking—Abstinence of Members—Letter to the Board—Extent of Labors—Statistics—His Desire for Helpers—Repeated Call—Perils by Water—Passage from Sault Ste. Marie to Green Bay—Indian Christians caring for Relatives—Arrival at the Bay—Indian Thrift—Society prosperous.

Fort Brady, at Sault Ste. Marie, was established in 1822, under the superintendence of General Brady. It is situated on gently rising ground, at the head of the navigable waters of the Ste. Marie, the river which connects the waters of Lakes Superior and Huron. The garrison was under the control of "the wicked one" until 1828, when it pleased God to bring two of the officers to the knowledge of the truth. These gentlemen, by their piety and Christian firmness, contributed not a little to the moral improvement of the garrison. In 1832 there was a good work of grace, under the labors of Rev. Messrs. Bingham, of the Baptist, and Porter, of the Congregational Church, both of whom were missionaries at that place. A little before this work began at the Fort, there was a gracious revival

among the Indians in the vicinity, under the labors of John Sunday, as has been intimated elsewhere. In the Fort nearly every officer, and thirty or forty soldiers, were brought to Christ.

This command was soon after removed to Chicago, and was succeeded by another, which also left early in 1833. In the month of August of that year, and soon after Mr. Clark commenced his labors there, the new garrison was favored with a "time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." The circulation of tracts, the ministry of the word, frequent meetings for prayer, and Bible-class instruction, were the means which were rendered effectual, by the Spirit of grace, in the promotion of the good work. Under date of January 1, 1834, Mr. Clark writes as follows:

"From the time of the first case of conversion until now the work has continued. Although we have seen little that has resembled the 'mighty rushing wind,' or earthquake shock, still the work appears to be of the genuine stamp. The profane have learned to pray, the inebriates turn from the liquid fire, and 'take the cup of salvation.' O it would gladden the hearts of the pious, in city or country, to see officers, and soldiers, and citizens mingle in our circles of prayer and praise, bowing together at the same altar of mercy, invoking mercy for each other, for the poor Indians around us, and

for all the world! Some found salvation alone in the woods, others when on duty in the guard-box. A few evenings since, I read in a public meeting the tract entitled, 'The Conversion of a Deist,' which was the means of awakening a fine young officer, who has taken a firm stand on the side of religion, erected the family altar, and daily offers sacrifice to the God of heaven."

Besides adding several members to the society, this work led to careful searchings of the Scriptures; and Mr. Clark had the pleasure of ordering seven copies of Clarke's Commentary on the Old Testament, fifteen on the New, and one of Henry's Commentary, all for persons in the garrison who had given him their orders. During the whole time of Mr. Clark's connection with the Indian work, he received the most cordial reception at Fort Brady, and both officers and soldiers conferred upon him many tokens of esteem.

He was now passing his first winter in that latitude, almost wholly shut out by ice and snow from the civilized world. Four mails in the winter were all they could hope for, and these were carried by Indians or Canadians, on foot, through a pathless forest, and along the margins of lakes and rivers, making the distance to Detroit, *via* Mackinaw, four hundred miles.

His charge included Green Bay, Sault Ste. Marie,

and Ke-wa-we-non. From the Bay to the Sault is about one hundred miles, and thence to Ke-wa-we-non about two hundred and fifty, making quite an extensive circuit, and one which, at certain seasons of the year, was both painful and perilous to travel. The members of the Indian class are represented as being firmly attached to the religion of Christ, with some addition to their numbers. The greatest difficulty with which the missionary had to contend among the Indians, was their love of strong drink, which was furnished at every trading-post, by men who, like all others of their craft, were more unprincipled and vile than the poor besotted Indian himself. But, with constant vigilance, the formation of temperance societies, and the aid of Divine grace, the converted Indians were preserved. Mr. Clark says:

"The advent of the New Year is an event of great joy and festivity among the Indians; and while those who remain in their pagan state, and those who belong to the Romanists, are much under the influence of strong drink, the members of our mission are steadfast in the principles and practice of temperance. Every one, so far as I know, abstained from every kind of intoxicating drink."

About this time an appropriation was made to the Indians of this mission by the agent, Mr. School-

craft, of a yoke of oxen, a plow, a harrow and chains, to be under the care and direction of the missionary. Such an appropriation was exceedingly valuable, and added much to the facilities for agricultural work, which Mr. Clark was introducing as extensively as practicable.

On the 21st of February, 1834, he writes: "Thus far our winter has passed much more pleasantly than I had anticipated. We have had much snow, but our coldest weather has been but eighteen degrees below zero; and my time has been so constantly employed in the various duties of my office, that I found no place for discontent, and no time to cast an anxious look toward the civilized world. I think often, indeed, of my Christian friends in various places; yet, I am happy in my lot, and earnestly desire that I may do the work assigned me, acceptably to the Church, and to the glory of God.

"My weekly labors are as follows: Preach to the citizens and garrison in the town, on Sunday morning; to the Indians, at half past twelve P. M., at the office of the agent; to the garrison, at three P. M., at the school-house in the Fort; and attend prayer-meeting at the same place in the evening. Tuesday evening, Bible-class for the officers and their families. Wednesday evening, preach to the Indians and citizens in the town. Thursday even-

ing, Bible-class for the soldiers. Friday evening, prayer-meeting in the Fort."

This plan demanded diligence and toil, and taken in connection with the domestic, and other duties of the missionary, would allow but little time for either discontent or relaxation; and in the midst of all this labor and care, his health was often very far from being good. At the above date, the statistical report is as follows:

1. One school, with a female teacher and thirty scholars, all natives and half-breeds.

2. Three classes and fifty-nine members; forty natives and nineteen whites.

3. There have been employed since May, three native exhorters; one for the year, one for six months, and one for four months. All could speak English, and one could read a little. An interpreter (Henry Snake) had been employed since October. He could read and write, as well as speak English. Two of these natives had labored mostly at Ke-wa-we-non.

None but a missionary among pagans, a witness of their darkness and degradation, can fully realize the imperative demand for laborers. Mr. Clark had seen and felt this demand; and "his spirit was stirred within him," while he saw the length and breadth of the field, together with the new openings for the entrance of the Gospel. It will not appear surprising,

then, that his calls should be earnest and importunate. He says:

"One excellent brother writes me from the East, 'I fear you will cover more ground than you can cultivate well.' Well, what shall I do? Shall I hang up my sickle while the distant fields are white to the harvest? My heart, my soul, every Christian sympathy of my nature says, No! But I will thrust it in on every side, as the Lord gives me strength, trusting that the Church will send forth some of her numerous sons to assist in binding the sheaves, and gathering them into the garner of God."

Again he writes:

"I am in want of two young men of sound sense and piety, and other qualifications requisite for school-teaching, to go into the interior this season, to teach Indian schools. I have already written to several persons on this subject, but have received no encouragement. I am in distress, fearing I may not obtain this help! It is important; indeed, it is indispensable to our success. Whoever will volunteer, being qualified for the work, will find a healthy climate, enough to eat for the support of life; and, if faithful, great consolation of mind in their toil. The places for which they are wanted are Ke-wa-we-non, and Lac du Flangeau. O, who will go?"

Help was not long in coming, but I must not anticipate.

To give the reader some idea of the toils and perils of our missionary, some extracts from his letter to the Board are here inserted. The letter is dated *Sault Ste. Marie, May* 31:

"On the 21st of April I left this place to visit the mission at Green Bay, and was absent two weeks longer than I expected to be. Such is our mode of traveling by water, that there is no certainty when we shall reach a given point; and in the midst of urgent business we are often subjected to painful delays.

"*Monday, April* 21*st.*—Left at 4 P. M. for Green Bay. Took passage to Mackinaw in a large Mackinaw boat, about thirty feet long, and eight feet wide, and about thirty inches deep: boat open from bow to stern. This is the kind of craft employed in the Indian trade on Lake Superior. Our boat is propelled by six oars, and one man to steer. It is furnished with two split or side sails, to hoist to the wind when fair. Besides master and crew, we have four passengers. We put off with a high wind quartering ahead, and cold. At sunset got into a small creek to encamp, having made eight miles.

"*Tuesday*, 22*d.*—Wind high and cold, with rain, hail, and snow. Our bed is kept from the water by a board thrown across two poles. The swamp is full of water all around us. Remained in camp to-day.

"*Wednesday*, 23*d.*—Got under weigh at 4 A. M.,

and rowed eighteen miles to Pickerell Point, southwest shore of Muddy Lake, for breakfast. Here one of my neighbors put up forty barrels of pickerel in seven days. Left this point at noon, wind fresh and directly aft. Hoisted sails, and in four hours landed on a point two miles from Lake Huron. This sail was unpleasant, as the weather was heavy with snow, so much so, that at times we made our course wholly at a venture. Encamped for the night, and our tent-cloth soon froze, being wet.

"*Thursday*, 24*th*.—Wind ahead. At noon made a push for the open lake, and after rowing three hours came under Point St. Vital, seven miles from our last camp.

"*Friday*, 25*th*.—Weather cold, wind high, and in our teeth. At 4 P. M. wind lulled a little; made a hard push to reach the north channel, which we gained by dark, and came-to for supper, and to wait for the moon to light our weary course. At 10 left our camp and a good fire. I wrapped myself in blankets and lay down in the boat. The crew soon lost their way, and after rowing about in the different channels until a late hour of the night, struck a fire on an island, and lay down to wait for day. I remained in the boat, and on waking in the morning found myself covered with snow.

"*Saturday*, 26*th*.—At sunrise were on the move; soon found our route, and at 8 A. M. brought up at a

small Indian settlement, sixteen miles from Mackinaw. The head man (called Skem-wa-wa) received us into his lodge with great cordiality. Here we spent the day. Wind high, and direct ahead. Weather cold.

"*Sunday, 27th.*—Left our kind Indian host at 2 A. M., and after seven hours' hard toil, through wind and cold, came to Mackinaw in time for breakfast, which chimed well with our wants, for our stores were nearly exhausted. Here, after a week of toil through wind and waves, I found it grateful and refreshing to my spirit, to join in the public services of the house of God. I preached at 3 P. M. at the Fort, to a large and serious congregation of officers, soldiers, and citizens. I reached Mackinaw just in time to miss a direct passage to the Bay, and waiting for which I was detained eleven days."

While he was waiting for a vessel on which he could embark for the Bay, an Indian youth, of eighteen years of age, with his parents, both pious, came to secure his aid in finding a poor prodigal, whom they believed to be in the vicinity of the Bay. It was arranged that James, the son, should accompany Mr. Clark, and search for his poor, drunken brother, and, if possible, bring him back to his parents, that they might teach him the way of the Lord. When the schooner arrived at Mackinaw, it was detained two days by contrary winds, and in the hurry and confusion of embarking early in the

morning, he forgot his young Indian and left him sleeping. An hour passed, and he remembered his fault, and tried to charter the yawl to go back after the youth, as the wind had died away, and they were at a stand; but the captain declined. But James was soon seen to approach in a little skiff, with several Indian lads whom he had rallied to row him to the vessel. After rowing five miles they came alongside, and were taken on board. James found his drunken brother, and, after spending some time, persuaded him to go back to his parents. When on the point of embarking in a canoe, James called on Mr. Clark to report his success, but added, "Neen-kah-go-coo-coosh-kiga, pah-qua-zhe-gun," (*i. e.*, he had no pork, no bread, nothing to eat.) Mr. Clark gave him provisions for ten days, and he bore it off, saying, "Me quash, me quash," (thank you, thank you.) They spread their blanket for a sail, and were soon out of sight. So Christianity inspires Indians, as well as others, to care for the bodies and souls of their relatives.

Mr. Clark reached Green Bay on the 8th of May, and preached at Fort Howard in the evening. On Tuesday the 10th, he visited the Indian mission at Duck Creek, the Indians having sold their possessions on Fox River, the place where the mission was first established. He attended a prayer-meeting in the evening, and found it a refreshing season.

The evidences of thrift which he saw on every hand were very cheering. Ten or twelve families had built comfortable log-houses, and, in all, had cut about forty-five acres of timber, piled the logs, and put most of it in readiness for the seed. They had split, and put in good fence, about seven thousand oak-rails, and all without one drop of whisky. The native missionary, Daniel Adams, was comfortably settled in his snug log-house, and was faithful and active in his work. Mr. Crawford, a native teacher and local preacher, was diligent and useful. Mr. Clark had an eye to everything which bore upon the temporal and spiritual interests of that interesting people. He preached, prayed, and planned; "taught them publicly, and from house to house;" and before leaving he administered baptism and the Lord's Supper. He speaks of this season as one of peculiar interest. He could say to them, in the words of St. Paul, "For now we live, if ye stand fast in the Lord."

CHAPTER X.

INDIAN MISSIONS—CONTINUED.

Ke-wa-we-non—Mr. Holliday—John Sunday—Small Beginning—Success—M'Gee and Frazier—Conversion of an old Sinner—Indian Privation and Perseverance—Affection of Indian Converts to Spiritual Teachers—Mrs. Clark's Letter—Mr. Clark in poor Health—Grand Traverse Bay—Failure of the Mission, and the Cause—Traders favorable to Schools and Missions—Romanism always evil.

KE-WA-WE-NON is the name of a large bay on the south side of Lake Superior. It is about two hundred and fifty miles from Sault Ste. Marie, and is called, on the latest maps, Ke-we-naw. At this place was a band of Indians, of about two hundred and fifty in number, degraded, drunken, and quarrelsome. When Mr. John Holliday, the trader at that post, returned in 1832, he took no whisky with him; but he took that which was far better, namely, Rev. John Sunday, the Chippewa missionary, whose address at a missionary meeting has been given in a former chapter.

On their arrival, Mr. Holliday called the Indians together, and told them that he had brought no whisky, and introduced Mr. Sunday as one who could teach them the true religion. They were very angry, and refused to hear the new teacher,

saying his coming was in vain, for they were determined to hold fast the religion of their fathers. This was not a very promising beginning; but Sunday had prayed over the matter before consenting to go with Mr. Holliday, and, fully believing that he was in the way of duty, determined to remain. He told the old chief, who was very obstinate, that although *he* might be opposed to the religion of Christ, yet he should stay and speak to all whose hearts the Great Spirit might dispose to hear him.

The next morning two little girls came and stood before Mr. Holliday's door, and Sunday inquired what they wanted. They said, "Our father sent us here to be instructed." He called them in, and gave them their first lesson. On seeing this, Mr. Holliday immediately prepared a place for meetings and a school, and Sunday opened his school with the two girls. These invited others, and soon he had fifteen in attendance.

These quickly learned the alphabet, and most of them the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and the Decalogue in Chippewa. In a short time two adult Indians ventured out to hear the word; and in two weeks one of their great hunters, a medicine man, a conjurer, renounced his paganism, gave up his conjuring apparatus, and embraced the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. From that time opposition abated, and the work spread. In the course of the

winter nine gave evidence of a change of heart, and as many more were "pricked in the heart;" and a still larger number theoretically abandoned paganism. For several days before Sunday left, his little church, as he called it, was thronged by the Indians from morning till night, expressing their sorrow at his leaving, and anxiously inquiring if any one else would come and teach their children, and speak to them the words which he had spoken.

Sunday was succeeded by Thomas M'Gee and Thomas Frazer; the latter passed the winter of 1834 at that mission. They both left in the preceding autumn; and on the return of Frazer he found that evil influences had been brought to bear upon the little band. But he applied himself to the work with new energy, and soon had the pleasure of seeing a better state of things. One interesting case he related to Mr. Clarke:

"One morning I visited the camp of a very old squaw, who, by reason of age and infirmity, could not walk. On reaching the place, I felt an uncommon sensation through soul and body; and as soon as I began to speak she felt the same. She had been a great juggler among the Indians; and as all such have great influence, she had not failed to exert it to oppose 'the way of the Lord.' But when I spoke to her about her soul, she felt, as she afterward expressed it, as 'if some one had taken hold of her

heart, and turned it right about.' She brought forth her mush-ke-moot, (medicine sack,) and cast it away, saying she would try to give her heart to the Great Spirit. She did so in good earnest, and is now a devout worshiper of the true God. She often says in class, 'Could I walk about, I would go and tell all my friends what I have found, and exhort them to go and hear the good words.'"

From January to the opening of spring, Frazer was engaged in holding meetings from camp to camp, some of which were ten miles apart, in a roadless forest, with deep snow. But, mounting his snow-shoes, he passed on, cheerfully doing his Master's will. During one of his long excursions, his only food for a week was maple sugar and the flesh of porcupines, which he took with his gun. One young Indian convert was so zealous in the good cause, that he traveled from camp to camp for four days, telling what the Lord had done for him, and tasting no morsel of food during the whole time.

In July, 1834, there were between twenty-five and thirty, who gave good evidence of a saving change. On Mr. Clark's visit to them about that time, he baptized fifteen, and broke bread to about forty. When Mr. Frazer left his home, at Grape Island, Canada, those fifteen, with some others, went with him in their canoes to Sault Ste. Marie, a

distance of two hundred and fifty miles; so attached were they to the man who had led them to Christ. How strong is the affection of young converts to their spiritual fathers! They followed St. Paul to the sea-shore, and said their adieus with reluctance. And these newly-gathered lambs of the flock clung to their shepherds, Sunday and Frazer, with equal affection. Truly, those native preachers are the true successors of the apostles; and these native converts are within the "covenanted mercies of God."

The following letter from Mrs. Clark is inserted, in order that the reader may obtain a kind of domestic view, and be convinced that timid, feeble women can bear much for God and souls, and yet be cheerful and happy:

"Sault Ste. Marie, *June* 30, 1834.

My Dear Sister ——: Your very kind letter and trunk of goods did not arrive until May 3d. A constant press of business has prevented an answer until the present. But will you, my dear sister, accept our earnest and most sincere thanks for the benevolent acts and kind attentions you have paid us in this distant land? and may all who are thus engaged with you share largely in the blessings of our most merciful Father. Surely it is more blessed to give than to receive; and the blessed Saviour hath said, "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, shall not lose his reward." It is a heart-cheering thought to us, in all our toils and privations, that we are remembered by dear Christian friends, and even by some whose faces we have never beheld.

I cannot express the grateful emotions of my heart while

handling over the goods you sent us, and those of a box from New-York, which arrived at the same time. I could not repress the silent tear; and I thought, if Divine Providence has not given me property to bestow upon these poor outcasts, the little strength and time allotted me shall cheerfully be devoted to their service. We hope none of our dear friends will feel neglected that we do not write more of the particulars of our situation. As to our sufferings, we think them "not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us," if faithful to the grace given.

As respects our school, we should be happy if we could make more favorable reports; but we assure our friends that all has been done that was practicable under the circumstances. We have found by experience that it takes time, as well as patience, to introduce ourselves into the society of these wild sons of the forest. We are striving to lay a good foundation for future usefulness. The Indian mind is most certainly capable of improvement; and we anticipate the day is not far distant when we shall see, to our joy, some fruit of our feeble efforts to promote the pure Gospel, which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth:" to the poor Indian as well as the white man.

Our habitation is yet the same as when we first came here, nearly two miles from Little Rapids, the place of our intended destination. Not being able to obtain all the help necessary to fit up our home, we are detained here. The Indians are also obliged to wander from place to place for want of homes. But, notwithstanding the many difficulties which we have had to encounter, we have much reason to rejoice and be glad. A great change is visible in many of these poor heathens. Some who have been in darkness, are now enlightened by the Holy Spirit. Some, who were the most debased and abandoned, give evidence that they have become the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

We hope, by the blessing of God, to be in our own house by the first of September, and expect by that time to have thirteen dwellings and a school-house ready for the Indians. Then we expect to have a permanent school, and to see improvements in their habits of industry and economy. . . . . Should there be any brethren or sisters with ability, courage, and fortitude, to endure constant toil, there will be openings for them in the interior, as the work is advancing and now calls are made for missionaries. "The harvest truly is great," and we hope devoted laborers will not be few.

May the holy Spirit guide us, that in all things we may please him who, I trust, has called us to this distant and difficult field of labor.

Thus prays your affectionate Sister,

SARAH M. CLARK.

On the third of September Mr. Clark wrote to the Board that his health was quite poor, that he held the pen with a trembling hand. His principal difficulty was an affection of the lungs, attended with some fever, and a dry cough. The result of medicating and a strict diet was extreme weakness. But he regarded himself as convalescent, and expressed a strong hope of being able to resume his pleasing toil before long. This hope was realized, and we find him laboring with his usual diligence.

He reports the state of the mission at the Sault as prosperous, the meetings being well attended. And as the summer had brought many visiting Indians from afar, they, too, had heard the words

of life, and carried the report to their far-off homes.

In the preceding August, John Taunchy and John Cah-beach were sent, with another native, to Grand Traverse Bay, to preach to the Indians and teach their children. This bay is situated about sixty miles south of Mackinaw, on the east shore of Lake Michigan. Mr. Clark considered this as one of the most promising localities for a mission in all that region. The soil was productive, the climate mild, and the waters abounded with fish. It was, therefore, a good place for the Indians, and the missionaries could be easily supported.

As it was desirable to learn the exact state of the mission before winter, he wrote to the young men to meet him at Mackinaw, which they did on the thirteenth of October. From this interview he learned that the Indians numbered about two hundred and fifty, residing in five villages, three on the north and two on the south side of the bay. To visit them all would make a pleasant trip by water of about forty miles.

When the laborers arrived in August, they found the chief and people more or less under the influence of whisky; but, on becoming sober, they received them with much cordiality. So they began their work of preaching the Gospel, and teaching the children. Between August twentieth and Oc-

tober twelfth, several of the children had learned to read and spell words of four letters, thus evincing the capacity and aptitude of those young pagans. Many of the young men also desired to be taught, and all were willing and anxious to have schools in the several villages. The positions were pleasant and favorable, being sixty miles from any white settlement.

It afforded Mr. Clark great pleasure to learn from Messrs. Biddle and Drew, merchants at Mackinaw, who had a trading-house among the Indians in question, that they were much in favor of the enterprise, and were disposed to contribute to its support. And he remarks, "I am happy to say that a respectable number of the Indian traders do already heartily coöperate in efforts to improve the moral state of the Indians in the Northwest. What a happy day will that be for the aborigines of our country, when all intercourse with them shall tend to purify and exalt their character, rather than corrupt and debase it! Then may we hope to hear pious hallelujahs among all the Indian tribes on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. O, blessed Immanuel, hasten on that day!"

But the bright prospects with regard to this mission were soon clouded. On the arrival of Mr. Clark at Mackinaw in the following May, he found the young men from the Grand Traverse awaiting

his arrival, and learned the sad reverse which they had met with. In the fall the Indians went to their hunting-grounds, and the teachers repaired to the trading-house of Biddle and Drew, where arrangements had been made for their accommodation. Here they found some Indians who had not gone to the hunt, and they reöpened their school with good prospects.

But when the hunters returned early in January, while the prospects were good, both in the meetings and school, and some were on the point of renouncing paganism and embracing Christianity, there arrived several Ottawa Indians, fur-traders, belonging to the Romish Church, who made the minds of the Indians "evil affected toward the brethren." They told them that these men were of doubtful character, that no one knew whence they came, and that they were supported by Indian women of bad character at Mackinaw, with many other stories equally false and wicked. This had the intended effect; it closed the ears of the Indians to all instruction, and the children were withdrawn from the school. It was in vain that Mr. Drew visited them at his trading-house, and urged them to continue the school and mission, assuring them of the utter groundlessness of the reports against the teachers. Well might the missionary say, "I confidently believe that all other

influences combined are less formidable, in opposing the moral improvement of the Indians, than that of the Roman Catholics." How true to its instincts is that Church everywhere! Its cherished hostility to truth and goodness is infused into all its people, whether they be red or white. Rum and Romanism join hands to debase and impoverish the masses, both among the civilized and the savage.

CHAPTER XI.

INDIAN MISSIONS—CONTINUED.

Affliction—Sickness of their little Helen—Diary—Her Death and Burial—Brothers Chandler and Bourne arrive—Their Fields of Labor—Miss Baylies returns Home—Mr. Clark injures his Health by excessive Toil—Romish Interference—Mr. Clark decides to remove to Green Bay—His Reasons—Statistics at the Sault—A Question and an Answer—Strong Hopes.

In their far-off home, away from kindred and friends, the hand of affliction was laid upon our missionary and his family. Their little daughter, Helen Amelia, was smitten with disease, of which I find the following notices in Mr. Clark's Journal. These are inserted, in order that a view may be obtained of the *man* in his domestic relations. We have seen him in his toils, privations, and perils, have traced him in his journeys, and absences from his family; but here are seen his tender regard for his family, and his heart of parental affection.

"*September* 17, 1834.—Our little Helen Amelia is somewhat indisposed. Some fever, with symptoms of worms: is not as playful as usual.

"*Thursday*, 18.—Last night Helen was quite restless, with symptoms of mental derangement. Is less playful to-day than yesterday.

"*Friday*, 19.—Daughter still more unwell. Friends from the Fort called to see us in our new home, and as the physician of the garrison was in the company, I had him examine the child. He said she was a very sick child, and if the medicine given did not relieve her, he feared we should have trouble with her head.

"*Saturday*, 20.—During the whole of last night our child was restless and wild, with high fever. At dawn of day I sent for the doctor. He pronounced her disease canker rash, with symptoms of dropsy in the head; and advised her removal to, or near the Fort, where he could give her his constant attention. This we did forthwith, and took rooms in the quarters of Captain Johnson, now absent on furlough. Here we shall remain until our child is better; or, if it please our heavenly Father, until her aching head is eased in death: the latter we seriously fear.

"*Sunday*, 21.—Symptoms about as yesterday: rested a little.

"*Monday*, 22.—Our friends in the garrison came to our assistance, like angels of mercy. Physician all attention: child no better.

"*Tuesday*, 23.—Last night was one of great distress to our dear child until near morning. To-day she is more easy; takes notice of all, and calls for food. Symptoms worse again at night.

"*Wednesday*, 24.—Child is fast sinking. Her ap-

parent sufferings are most painful to the heart of a parent. Her cries and moans are piercing.

"*Thursday*, 25.—Every effort of physician and friends appears in vain to relieve our suffering Helen. Our constant prayer is for supporting grace for what awaits us; and that the will of God be done and we be resigned. Mrs. Clark especially prays, that if it please God to take our child, her sufferings may not be prolonged another hour!

"*Friday*, 26.—Nature sinks in spite of all our efforts; she cries and moans constantly. O, how painful! But Jesus suffered more, infinitely more, to purchase our peace, and that little children might be saved. At 3 o'clock a marked change takes place in our little sufferer. At 6 o'clock she is quiet: all signs of conscious suffering are past: she fell asleep in death at 8 P. M. At this moment we fall upon our knees, and try to raise our afflicted hearts to God for support, and for a sanctified use of this painful Providence!

"*Saturday*, 27.—At 3 o'clock P. M., our departed child is decently buried in the graveyard belonging to the garrison. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Coe, and some remarks by Rev. Mr. Bingham.

"*Monday*, 29.—We return to our lonely habitation. Everything about the house seems to say, 'One is gone.' Even little John Emory says, 'Where is Sister Helen?' We reply, 'She has gone to heaven, where

Sister Mary is.' Young as she was, she had learned to read quite well in her Testament, and on her fourth birthday her father gave her a beautiful one, telling her if she would read it through in a year, he would give her a fine Bible. This she commenced to do, but she never saw, on earth, the next anniversary of her birth. As children are imitative creatures, so little Helen would act the part of a missionary teacher, and gather around her the little red children, and teach them to read. Thus she became a special favorite with them, and they wept over her little grave when she was laid there to rest."

The reader has been carried forward of the time as it respects certain incidents, and it will be necessary to go back a little in order to resume the connected narrative.

On the 22d of August the heart of the missionary was cheered by the arrival of two very efficient helpers. Brothers D. M. Chandler and Milton Bourne, both from within the bounds of the Troy Conference, offered themselves willingly on the altar of missions, and left their homes and friends to teach the poor Indians the way to heaven. It was under the direction, and by the advice of Rev. Cyrus Prindle, (at that time presiding elder of the district in which these young men resided,) that they were induced to offer themselves for this work. Mr. Chandler's race was short, and he rested in the grave after some two

years' service in the mission-field. Mr. Prindle compiled an interesting memoir of that devoted young minister. Mr. Bourne is yet in the Gospel-field, a member of the Rock River Conference.

Mr. Bourne was employed at Sault Ste. Marie, and Mr. Chandler was sent to Ke-wa-we-non. He took with him two native assistants, George Copway and John Taunchy, and also an interpreter. They set out upon their long voyage of two hundred and fifty miles, in a bark canoe, with provisions and other articles of necessity; but, after being detained several days by strong head winds at White Fish Point, they got Mr. Chandler and his interpreter, with their effects, on board Mr. Holliday's boat; and Copway and Taunchy returned to Sault Ste. Marie with the canoe. But, while the superintendent was encouraged by the addition of those excellent young preachers to the mission force in that vast field, he was obliged to part with another. Miss Baylies, of the city of New-York, was obliged to return home, as her health was somewhat impaired. She had been the school teacher at the Sault. And, besides, his own health was poor, and for four Sabbaths in succession he had been unable to officiate in public. His labors had been too severe for even his strong and athletic frame. Not being able to procure help, he had labored at house building, cutting and hewing the logs himself, in addition to all his other labors. Yet

his Journal evinces a spirit of resignation and trust every way worthy of a true Christian and devoted missionary.

There was a Romish mission just over the river, on the Canada side, the influence of which was very detrimental to the Indians whom he was laboring to benefit. The Indians, like all other heathens, are very superstitious; and the follies and mysteries of Romanism are well calculated to deceive as well as amuse them. But the efforts of the priests were directed to the hinderance of Protestantism rather than to the improvement of their own people. Indeed, when did that sect ever improve its subjects? Rome has many of the fairest and best portions of the world under its control, and for many long years has reigned without a rival, and poverty, ignorance, vice, and bigotry, are the constant and legitimate fruits of her supremacy. Her proselytes are twofold more the children of hell than they were in their former state, whether civilized or savage.

In November, 1834, Mr. Clark concluded to change his residence from Sault Ste. Marie to Green Bay. His reasons, as given to the Board, are the following:

"I am expected to take charge of the whole work in the Indian country, and extend it as fast and as far as Providence shall open the way. This I cannot do with satisfaction to myself, nor for the best interests

of the work, should I continue my location at the Sault. The work at this place demands the constant presence and labor of at least one missionary and family, with a male and female assistant in the school. But in prosecuting my work, each station must be visited at least once a year; and in opening new missions it is very desirable that the ground be first examined, that the most eligible locations may be chosen for the work.

"Now, to perform this service will require the whole attention of one man; and, consequently, the place where he attempts to take the whole charge must suffer in his absence. And, besides, our journeys must be performed in open boats, or birch-bark canoes; and the most central place should be selected as the starting-point. Such is Green Bay; and for this and other reasons which I omit to mention, I conclude to change my residence. I do this the present fall, rather than wait till spring, as I can better spare the time now."

On leaving Sault Ste. Marie, and giving the special charge to Mr. Bourne, the superintendent makes the following report:

"1. Fort Brady.—Here we have a class of twelve persons. Since this class was formed, three have removed with certificates, and one without. Three probationers have withdrawn, and five have been dropped. Four of the officers are decidedly pious,

two having become so within the year. In the garrison school-house, prayer-meetings are held four evenings in the week, and are generally well attended. The temperance cause receives a liberal share of attention from the whole command.

"2. Missionville is the name given to our mission two miles below the fort. Here our prospects are still flattering. The thirteen houses are now completed, at an expense to the Board of only $750. Each house is eighteen feet square, and all are comfortable and warm. We have a good school-house, eighteen by twenty-six feet, and a barn eighteen by thirty-six feet.

"Last Sabbath was our sacramental season, in which all appeared interested, and, I trust, profited. Our class from the fort was also present. In the afternoon a Sabbath school was opened; and almost the whole village attended, as it is designed for all, both old and young. On Monday our school, which had been suspended for a while, was reopened, with sixteen native pupils, and others are promised by their parents. The school is conducted by Brother Bourne, from Pawlet, Vermont. He is a single man, and cooks his own food. He will be aided by Henry Snake, from Grape Island, both as interpreter and assistant in the school. The number in society is thirty-eight, all natives."

About this time Mr. Clark received from the

Board a communication for Rev. Jason Lee, of the Oregon Mission, which he promises to forward by the first express, and says: "I perceive from a chart, to which I have access, that the Nez Percés (pierced noses) are in the same latitude with your missions here; and the question often arises, Where shall the two fires just now kindling, unite their flame? Ardent hope and trembling faith reply, Among the Black Feet warriors on the mountain's top. So let it be! May the Lord hasten it in his time."

Such were his aspirations and hopes; and he could not understand why such results might not be realized. The field, though wide, was "white to the harvest;" and he believed the Church was rich enough, in men and money, to meet all the wants of that vast territory. And as he was toiling with his little band, it was difficult to perceive why others should not, in large numbers, consecrate themselves to the same work, until every tribe, from Sault Ste. Marie to the Pacific, should be evangelized.

CHAPTER XII.

A LONG JOURNEY.

Arrives at Mackinaw — No Vessel for the Bay — Leaves his Family and takes another Course — Detroit — Dearbornville — Ann Arbor — Marshall — White Pigeon — Beardsley's Prairie — Bertrand's — Terra Cespia — Michigan City — Wind and Snow — Chicago — Preaches on Indian Missions — Mr. Bruce — Gross Point — Belle Fontaine — A Lunch in the Woods — Horses take a sudden Leave — Search for them — Mr. Clark alone in the Woods — Makes his Camp — Wolf-visit — Wind, Rain, and Snow — Return to Chicago — Recover their Horses — Leave Chicago again — Skunk Grove — Milwaukie River — A Guide for one Day — Night — Lose their Way — Fox du Brusha — A Pottawattomie and Family — Their Corn stolen — Cross Rock River — A Bedroom all out of Doors — Lake Winnebago — Green Bay.

The following letter to the Corresponding Secretary, though long, will amply repay perusal. In it the reader will find evidence of energy, perseverance, and courage rarely equaled. It is dated Dec. 19, 1834.

"I wrote to you a few weeks since, saying I was at Mackinaw, on my way to Green Bay; but not finding a passage by water this season, I got my family into good quarters for the winter, and determined to take a different route, namely, Detroit, Chicago and thence to the Bay. I arrived at Detroit on the 5th instant; and, after recruiting a little from the effects of violent sea-sickness, which I suffered in crossing Lake Huron, I purchased a

snug built, pony-like horse and equipage, and started on my route. Detroit, notwithstanding all the alarm and desolation it suffered from the cholera in 1832 and 1834, is rapidly rising, both in appearance and commercial and general business character. Each of the four Protestant denominations has a large and commodious Church; that of the Methodists is now in a central position.

"After riding slowly for two and a half hours, I came to Dearbornville, a small, pleasant place, one mile from the River Rouge. Here a United States arsenal is located. Continuing my course west, I next day reached Ypsilanti, and found good quarters in a pious private family. Here our people are finishing a small brick church; the pulpit is to be in the front end, between the doors. So it is, fashion governs everything, sense or no sense. Continuing still west, I came to the flourishing village of Ann Arbor, the seat of justice for Washtenaw County. It lies on the River Huron, about forty miles from Detroit, south by west, with a population of about twelve hundred. Here I spent the Sabbath, and in the evening preached on the subject of Indian Missions. The good people filled the Presbyterian Church, and gave a contribution of $16 95. The next day a Presbyterian lady gave me a large, valuable woolen blanket for the Indians, which I lash on before me, and take through the woods."

[The foregoing was written from Ann Arbor, but the following from Green Bay, February 2, 1835.]

"I pursued my way over oak openings and burr oak plains to Marshall, the seat of justice for Calhoun County. Here I passed several days. On Sabbath morning and evening preached to good congregations in the large kitchen of Brother Sidney Ketchum, late of Clinton County, N. Y., where I used to find a home in days past. Thursday, December 25, preached at Marshall to a schoolhouse full on the claims of Indian missions, and took a collection of $4 27.

"On Tuesday, at dawn of day, left with company for Chicago. A ride of forty miles brought us to the village of White Pigeon, on an extensive prairie of the same name. Wednesday, December 31, put off at six A. M., and rode twelve miles to breakfast, then fourteen miles to Beardsley's Prairie, halted a few minutes, and then pushed on to Bertrand's, on the St. Joseph's River, a short distance from Niles; crossed the river on a *flat*, rode ten miles, which brought us into Indiana, and put up for the night at Terra Cespia Prairie.

"*Thursday, January* 1, 1835.—Rose early, greeted the family of our log-tavern with 'A happy New Year;' breakfasted by candle-light, and put off, over prairie and woodland, twenty-five miles to Michigan City, on the southeast shore of Lake Michigan.

One year since there were but two or three houses here, now there are dwellings, stores, taverns, shops, and more than two hundred souls. From this place to Chicago, fifty-two miles, our road is mostly the frozen beach of the lake, fourteen of which concluded our journey for the day. The whole of this stage has been unpleasant, as our horses were unused to the music of the winds and waves combined, and were quite restive, for the swells often washed their feet. Our inn is situated on a small eminence, a few yards from the lake; and after worshiping with the family I retired to rest, and was soon asleep, while the hoarse music of the lake below exerted a soothing influence upon my weary nerves.

"*Friday, January* 2.—Wind high from the south, with squalls of snow; stopped every ten miles to warm, and at night fell four miles short of Chicago. Came into the place next morning, and found a home with Rev. J. T. Mitchel, the missionary for that station. Chicago must soon become a place of much importance in trade and business.

Sunday, presented the subject of Indian missions, and took a collection of $20 06 for the good cause. Of this amount a good lady contributed a sovereign. May she receive of 'gold tried in the fire.'

"*Monday, January* 12.—Mr. Bruce, of Cleve-

land, by extra effort, arrived, so as to secure my company to Green Bay. We left at four P. M., and came twelve miles to Gross Point, on the west side of the lake. Our landlord is a Canadian Frenchman, and was for many years a fur-trader on the Columbia River. We slept before a large fire on the floor, and left at four A. M., feeling our way slowly along the path for twelve miles. By one o'clock we made thirty miles, when we halted by a spring, called by the French, *Belle Fontaine.*

"We kindled a fire by a log, which served as a table on which to spread our repast. While we and our beasts were appeasing our hunger, the horse of my friend suddenly started off on a smart trot; mine followed, and in ten minutes both were out of sight. I seized my pocket-compass, and we started in pursuit, but soon lost their tracks in the grass, and returned to our camp. Here we were, in the open country, with no house ahead within twenty-two miles, and none in the rear short of thirty. By this time two men came up in a single wagon, one of whom I hired to go back with my friend ten or twelve miles in search of our beasts, while the other should stay with me over night. At eight o'clock next morning they returned, but no horses could be found. It was now agreed that Mr. Bruce should accompany the wagon to the

first house ahead, and raise a company of Indians to scour the country, while I should stay with the baggage. Off they went, leaving me in the solitude of an uninhabited prairie. I spent several hours in fruitless search for the horses, and returned to the camp. On approaching I found it in possession of a prairie wolf, but he retired as I drew near. I felled a tree, and prepared wood for the night; cut off a log for the back part of my camp, and with our blankets made it as comfortable as I could, leaving it open in front toward the fire. At dusk his wolfship returned, and came within one hundred feet of the place where I lay; but on seeing me he stood back a little. I soon lay down and slept, waking at intervals to revive my fire, and each time the wolf stood within pistol-shot, but as I had no fire-arms he was safe. The night was windy, with some rain, and at day-dawn on Thursday, 15th, it snowed very freely, with driving wind, which increased the discomfort of my situation.

"By two o'clock P. M., Mr. Bruce returned in a two-horse wagon, bound for Chicago once more. We put all on board, and made our way back, through wind and storm, to Gross Point by ten o'clock, much chilled and with keen appetites. We came to Chicago next day, and recovered our horses, which had been taken up four miles from town.

"As the week was far spent we tarried over the Sabbath, and I preached morning and evening. In the afternoon heard a good, warm sermon from that venerable pioneer of the west, Rev. Jesse Walker, who is superannuated, and settled on a farm twelve miles west of Chicago.

"*Monday, January* 19.—Left Chicago, and at sunset made Gross Point again, and on Tuesday rode fifty-two miles to Skunk Grove. Our host, an Indian trader, and his brother, each having an Indian wife and child, occupied parts of our bedroom, twelve by fourteen feet, Mr. Bruce and myself on the floor. Wednesday, passed over rich land twenty-four miles, to the mouth of Milwaukie River, and were kindly entertained at the house of Solomon Juno, who has long been in the Indian trade. From this place our course is north-northwest, to the head of Winnebago Lake.

"Few, if any, think of making a journey from Chicago to Green Bay without a guide the whole distance. Thus far we have employed none, and now can obtain one only for one day. Taking twenty quarts of corn each for our horses, and a Frenchman for our guide, we set off at sunrise on Thursday; and night overtook us six miles short of our intended place of encampment. We pushed on, but our guide lost the path, and led us, at a venture, over hill and dale, amid bogs and bushes, until we

came to the margin of the lake called in French Lac du Brusha. We then took a more southerly direction, and discovering a tree on fire, our guide raised the Indian whoop! and was answered from a wigwam near by. Here ended our toils for the day, having made about thirty-nine miles. We entered the lodge, and found it contained an old Pottawattamie, his wife, eleven children, and one grandchild. One end of the cabin was assigned to us; and having fed and tied our horses, and eaten a hasty supper, we laid down to rest. I felt quite easy, and slept well; but Mr. Bruce, being more a stranger to such scenes, lay cold and slept but little.

"We commenced preparations for an early start next morning, but found that twelve quarts of our corn had been stolen. This theft I charged home upon the family of our Indian host, but he pleaded ignorance of the fact; and, after some trouble, we recovered about two quarts. Our guide conducted us into the right trail, and left us to find our way as we could. We were now within three days' ride of Green Bay, and two of that without inhabitants; but we pushed on, crossed Black River at one o'clock, and six miles further brought us to an open country of oak-land, with the sun an hour high. Being anxious to get a view of Lake Winnebago, if possible, before dark, we quickened our pace, looked ahead, and prophesied, 'the lake is near.' We still pressed

on until the darkness of a moonless night was upon us, and we were compelled to halt, and wait the coming of another day. We turned our tired horses loose, to pick a little of the dry grass of the prairie, half buried in the snow, while we kindled a fire by a fallen tree, by the light of which we were enabled to prepare our stock of wood for the night; and as our bed-room was all out of doors, and the night was cold, we expected to need considerable fire. We slept safely; and on Saturday rose early, fed our horses, took a little food ourselves, and proceeded on our way. A ride of two miles brought us in full view of the lake; and before night we reached Stockbridge, on its eastern shore, where we spent a profitable Sabbath with the mission family.

"Tuesday, 27th, came in safety and health to Green Bay. And here I desire to record my grateful acknowledgments to the Giver of all good, for his guardian care over me by day and night, during this toilsome route; and may my remnant of days be his."

If the reader will take his map and trace the course described, and remember that the journey was performed in the inclement months of December and January, through the then lonely forest, and over the bleak prairies, he will be inclined to ask, "Who but John Clark would have projected it?" And how few are endowed with the powers of endurance to perform such a task!

CHAPTER XIII.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

Letter to Mrs. Clark — Mr. White's Testimony — State of Society — Menomonee River — An important Question — Need of Help — A good Foundation — Jesuit Influence — Decree in Council — A true Hero — A happy Meeting — Persecution — Christian Fidelity — His Importunity for Helpers — Visits Ke-wa-we-non — Interview with the Chief — Council — Obtains a Grant of Land — Interesting Meetings — Sacraments — Chandler — Herkimer — Johnson — Description of School-house and Dwelling — Love-feast Speaking — Yellow Head — Emma Rahmsega — Big Shilling — William Snake — Big Jacob.

On reaching Green Bay Mr. Clark found many letters, some of which were on business, and several on friendship, and expressing the kindest regards. One of these last was from Plattsburgh, New-York, the place of his former residence. Among others was one from Mrs. Clark, who had been left, in November, at Mackinaw, to spend the winter. This one he answered at an early hour after his arrival; but it is not for the reader to know all it contains. It is too sacred for the eye of the public, except it be a few extracts.

Mrs. Clark was in feeble health some part of the time, and his long absence caused her to feel very lonely; and it was very natural that in writing to her husband she should give expression to her feelings of

sadness and loneliness. The extracts which I shall give from his letter exhibit him as a husband:

"I was much gratified indeed to get a letter from you, my dear; but it gave me mingled emotions of joy and sorrow. Sorrow to hear of your declining strength and depression of spirits; joy to know that, on the anniversary of your spiritual birth, God did not leave you without a clear evidence of your acceptance with him, and that he gave you 'an uncommon measure of his Spirit.' For this I do, and will praise God. I humbly pray that, before this comes to hand, your health will be much improved; or, could my sympathies make you whole, it should be done at once.

"You say, 'I hope you are rejoicing in God.' I thank you for your kind remembrance of me; but be assured that my joy is not so great as I desire, but as great as I expect it will be till I am again in the society of my dear family. And does this sound odd? I cannot help it. It is true; and but for the duties that devolve upon me, I would not be absent from you for the space of twenty four hours. And does this sound odder still? This also is true to the letter. Although sometimes, when I am at home, I may seem to be restless, as if I would be gone; still, that arises from my long habit of being constantly on the move, and not from any want of affection for home, and for those who dwell there. You speak

of . . . 'in order to release me from cares and burdens.' Surely, my dear, you cannot suppose that the . . . . . is a burden. No! nor can it be while I have any reason or religion left me. And as to cares, they are of my own seeking. I expected cares when I entered the marriage state, and I would not be free from them for my weight in gold. They are cares which belong to me, and which I delight to feel."

On his arrival at Green Bay he found the state of the mission quite prosperous, under the labors of Rev. George White, who had that post in charge. Mr. White sent a communication to the Board about this time, in which he bears strong testimony to the faithfulness and zeal of the superintendent. Mr. Clark also reports favorably concerning the state of the mission at Oneida West, where Daniel Adams had labored. This is the mission which had been called *Duck Creek*. A society of forty members had been gathered there. Daniel had been sick, nigh unto death; but was not afraid to die, for he "knew whom he had believed," and was able to trust all in his hands for time and eternity.

About this time Mr. Clark made a visit to Menomonee River, on the west shore of Green Bay, and met a kind reception from Mr. Farnsworth, the trader, who was ready to do all in his power to aid in the establishment and success of a mission there.

A question of much importance now pressed itself upon the mind of the superintendent. It related to the class of laborers on whom the chief dependence must be placed for promoting the work among the Indians. Must they be white or red men? He cast his eye over the vast field, and it appeared to him that it was "white to the harvest." But his views were not bounded by the present. He says:

"In looking to the future, ... it is a question of absorbing interest to me, as to the safest and most efficient plan for elevating these children of the forest, intellectually, morally, and spiritually. Are we to depend mostly, under God, upon a *white*, or *native* agency? This is the question to be settled; and until this is done our plans must, to some extent, be indefinite, and our labor like that of children. If we are to depend on a native agency to conduct our schools, and give moral and religious instruction to the thousands of nature's rudest, wildest sons, scattered along these lakes and rivers, we cannot open an Indian school too soon, at some central point, for giving such instruction to well-selected Indian youths as will qualify them for such labor. But if we are to depend on the agency of white men, the sooner ten or twelve young men of good sense, good common school education, and deep, self-denying piety, enter this Indian country the better, as it will require some

time to learn the Indian language, without which their usefulness would be quite limited."

Like a wise man, Mr. Clark desired to build on a good foundation, and he regarded himself as engaged in a preparatory work.

The reader will recollect that the promising mission at Grand Traverse was broken up by Romish influence, and, therefore, will not be surprised to learn that similar attempts were made at other places. At Green Bay, the chiefs who were under the control of the Jesuits, passed a decree in council, that any Indian who should allow Methodist meetings to be held in his house should lose his annuity, and threatening also to take away his land. But a brave Indian, by the name of John House, invited Mr. White to preach in his house. The bigoted chiefs renewed their threats. On arriving at the house Mr. White found a council of Christian Indians, and some others who were friendly to toleration. After a little discussion, one who had belonged to the hostile party, and a member of their Church, said, "I want religion more than I want money, and if I can get it, I will run the risk of losing my annuity." So said all. The seats were arranged, and the house was filled; and many during that meeting felt that religion is better than money! Alluding to these incidents Mr. Clark says: "Considering all the circumstances, the thousand snares which still surround

them, with all the Jesuitical influence of foreign priests, I cannot but feel encouraged with the state of the mission."

Before these difficulties were fully adjusted, and the hostility of the wicked had abated, some of those threats had been literally executed. Joseph Powles, a native exhorter, had been very faithful in his endeavors to lead his erring people to the Saviour; and for this the chiefs, into whose hands the annuity came, refused to pay him; and thus, for conscience' sake, he was robbed of his right. A poor widow, also, was for the same reason deprived of her annuity, on which she depended chiefly for the support of her helpless children. Let it be remembered that it was not paganism that prompted to those deeds of oppression and persecution; but it was that which is even worse—the bigotry and intolerance of *pretended* Christianity!

His great desire for more help is often expressed in strong terms, such as were dictated by a personal knowledge of the wants of the work. He regrets much that no man with a healthy family had been found for Sault Ste. Marie, and asks, "Are none willing to come? I trust this is not the case. Is the treasury too empty to bear the additional cost, and the Church too poor to fill it? I cannot believe this. But even this need not hinder, for I am willing to live on *half rations* rather than have this

place remain without the regular ministry of the word."

In the month of June, 1835, Mr. Clark visited Ke-wa-we-non, and was fifteen days on the passage from Green Bay, in an open boat propelled by oars. He was met with cordial greetings from several Christian Indian families who had assembled on the shore to receive him. He called on the chief, for whom he had a letter from his cousin at the Sault, a pious and intelligent native lady. This letter he read to the chief, through an interpreter, and presented his permission from the Indian agent to travel and establish schools and missions in the Indian country.

A council was held next day, at which he distributed a few small presents, according to custom, and stated the object of his visit—to inquire after the welfare of those who had listened to the good talk of those who had passed the winter with them, namely, Rev. Mr. Chandler and his native helpers. He desired also a small piece of ground for a school-house, and dwellings for those who should labor among them.

The chief said he could not point out any place where they could build a house; so said the whole pagan party. But after several talks and explanations, ground was given for the buildings, as also for agricultural purposes. The agreement was written and lodged with the agent at Mackinaw. Mr.

Chandler had erected a house for himself and the mission the preceding autumn, in the absence of the chief, and had been obliged to give him a *bonus* on his return.

Mr. Clark tarried with them seven days, and meetings were held every evening. The Sabbath was a day of great interest. A love-feast was held at nine o'clock, and several spoke with much simplicity and earnestness. Although he could not understand the language, "he saw the falling tear, and felt the inward fire." He preached a sermon, which he thought "lost none of its energy in the mouth of the interpreter, but told on the hearts of many." Then followed the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper. The whole number baptized since the commencement of the mission was fifty; of these thirty were adults, who appeared to be serving the Lord in sincerity.

The superintendent was much pleased with the evidences of faithfulness on the part of Mr. Chandler, and continued him in that mission, with William Herkimer and wife, both natives; and also John Johnson, another native from Mud Lake. Herkimer and Johnson were directed to spend two months at Ontonagon River, still further up the lake, where there was a good prospect among the Indians. Mr. Chandler was instructed to have a dwelling and school-house, built of logs, flattened on

two sides by hewing; the roof of flattened timbers, covered with clay mortar, and secured from storms by a strong coating of cedar-bark. Such houses may be made warm and comfortable, though rude in style.

Having mentioned the love-feast held at this place, perhaps it will be acceptable to the reader to have here inserted some remarks of the Indians on a similar occasion.

Chief, Yellow Head: "Brothers and sisters, I rise before you and the Great Spirit, to tell you how thankful I am that the Great Spirit spared me to see this day. My greatest desire is to get safely to heaven. I always feel thankful to the missionaries who first told me and my people the way to heaven. I will always listen to their words, that I may know all about Jesus. I am happy in my heart this day. This is all I have to say."

Emma Rahmsega: "I am very glad in my heart this day. The Great Spirit has done much for me, in bringing me out of darkness to see the way to heaven. I am glad to see our ministers, and to hear their *good words.* I will try to be faithful as long as I live."

Chief, Big Shilling: "My dear brothers and sisters, I am happy to see you this day. I am happy in my heart every day. I will trust in Jesus as long as I live. This is all I have to say."

William Snake: "My brothers and sisters, it is

six years since I first set out in the service of Jesus, and I am glad that I am not tired of this good way. Several of the brothers and sisters have died out of my class; they have gone to the Great Spirit in heaven, where they are now praising him. I am left to weep over their bones, but I hope by and by to meet them in heaven. I will trust in Jesus."

Big Jacob, (John Sunday's brother:) "When the Methodists were preaching to our people, I heard that the chiefs and warriors were frequently in tears; I then said I would not shed tears were I to hear them. I went, determined not to behave myself like a *woman* by crying. I sat near the door. The preacher was speaking about Jesus dying on the cross, and the Indians were sobbing all around me. I began to feel serious, and then the tears fell; I wiped my eyes, but the tears would flow. I asked myself, *Am I crying too?* Brothers, I was ashamed to shed tears; but now it is not because I am a coward that I cry, for I never shed a tear on the battle-field, nor when my children and friends lay dead before me. No! I never dropped a tear. I am very happy and thankful that the Great Spirit did not say, 'I will never bless this Indian.'"

John Sunday then interpreted to the whites what his brother had said, and added: "Brothers, that was a *great big mercy* for that *great big Indian*."

CHAPTER XIV.

INDIAN MISSIONS—CONTINUED.

Lac Court Oreille — Taunchy — Copway — Marksman — Menomonee — Cah-beach — A School anticipated — La Pointe — Rev. Sherman Hall — Teachers winter at La Pointe — Effects of their Visit — Translating — Mr. Hall's catholic Spirit — Watch-meeting at Ke-wa-we-non — A "Medicine Man" — John Cah-beach at Menomonee — Visit to Sault Ste. Marie — State of the Mission — Need of a Farmer — Visits Menomonee — Wild Rice — Mode of Harvesting — Death of the old Chief — Whisky — Indian Converts keep the Sabbath — Indians sell their Land, and remove — Oneida West — Misses Mudgett and Lee — A House demolished and School dispersed by a Mob.

Ever intent on prosecuting his great work, and spreading the Gospel among the Indians, Mr. Clark, in the summer of 1835, sent John Taunchy, George Copway, and Peter Marksman, all native Chippewas, to establish a mission at Lac Court Oreille, (Lac Coort Ora.) This lake lies in a fine rich country, at the head of one of the principal branches of the Chippewa River, about midway between Lake Superior and the Mississippi River. He had been informed by travelers, who had spent some time in that country, that one of the largest bands of Chippewas in all the interior was located in that section.

About the same time he dispatched Cah-beach to

the Menomonees, on the river of that name, having previously visited the place himself. This native and his family were the first persons ever located in that country for pious purposes. He had strong hopes of being able to establish a school here, under the direction of John Summerfield, a Chippewa youth, who had received instruction at the Cazenovia Seminary, in the State of New-York. With this object in view he had conferred with some of the head men of the tribe, and learned that they were anxious to have a school: provided their children could live in the institution, so as not to be obliged to wander about with their parents a great part of the time, and forget all they should learn. There were many reasons why he desired to open such a school; among which was this: He had reached the conclusion that a native agency must be our chief dependence among the Indians; and this would be a favorable location for all such youths as might be selected for future laborers. These could there be taught, and thence sent out to all parts of the country with convenience and dispatch.

In October Mr. Clark received letters from the young men whom he had sent to Lac Court Oreille. They reached La Pointe, the grand dépôt of the northwestern department of the American Fur Company on the 25th of August, and were kindly entertained by Mr. Warren, the gentleman in charge of

that station for the company, and also by Mr. Sherman Hall, of the American Board of Missions. Here they were detained a considerable time, waiting for the new schooner, John Jacob Astor, with provisions; and also for the trader to accomplish his business, and then serve as a guide to the place of their destination, which was also the post of the trader. Finding that he would be detained longer than was expected, they hired an Indian guide; and having obtained provisions, they packed all on board two bark canoes, and left La Pointe about the first of September.

They ascended the Mauvis River twenty-eight miles, to the third portage, when their guide had the misfortune to cut his foot very badly with an ax. They tarried two days, while the poor man suffered much pain, and was wholly unable to travel or sleep. Copway then took one canoe and the wounded guide, and returned to La Pointe, while the others pursued their way. They soon met with an Indian family residing at their place of destination, and were guided on their way.

On their arrival they found the old chief and a few men; but most had gone to their winter's hunt. The chief was very friendly, but chose to defer his decision concerning a school, &c., until his people should return in the spring. This fact, together with a failure in the arrival of provisions, induced the

teachers to return to La Pointe to spend the winter. Here they were kindly provided for by Rev. Mr. Hall. This gentleman wrote to Mr. Clark, expressing his joy in the extension of the good work under the direction of the Methodists, and his belief that a gracious Providence directed these young men to La Pointe to spend the winter. He furnished a room for two of them in his own house, and boarded one at his own table; and Copway, in turn, rendered him essential service, both as interpreter, and in translating portions of the New Testament into Chippewa. That good missionary rendered the young men all the aid in his power in the prosecution of their work among the Indians at La Pointe, urging them to conduct meetings in their own way, and conform in all things to the instructions of their superintendent. It is refreshing to meet with such examples of a catholic spirit; and these are in bold contrast with the bigotry and malevolence which characterize the spirit of such men as the authors of "The Great Iron Wheel," and "The Centuries" of Lynn.

Mr. Clark received cheering intelligence from several places within his charge in the following winter. Mr. Chandler writes from Ke-wa-we-non:

"On the last evening of the year a watch-meeting was held, which was crowned with displays of grace. The holy fire burned more and more, until a resistless

power came upon the brethren, many of whom were cast helpless on the floor; and one heathen was wallowing in agony for the space of an hour, when he found deliverance through faith in Christ, and immediately joined class. The heathen were there to witness this wonderful work, and retired under the deep conviction that their idols were vain. The brethren went to their camps happy in God. The mission prospers in all its branches. More houses will be ready soon, and the Indians will be more settled; and then the mission and school will be of greater service. The Indians are very thankful to Brother Clark for the provision he has made for their souls and bodies."

Mr. Bourne wrote from Sault Ste. Marie: "The mission, I trust, is on the advance, particularly in relation to experience among the members, and the evident improvement in the school; but the Catholic influence is tremendous, and presents a formidable barrier to our prosperity."

One Indian of some note as a medicine man, sent the following message: "We shake hands with you in our hearts, and are well. I feel thankful that you have built me a house to live in these two winters past, where we enjoy ourselves. If the Lord will help me, from this time I will try to serve him."

John Cah-beach wrote from Menomonee River, "We are all well, and happy in the Lord. I have

been down to Bay de Noque; I spend several days there. When I go down I have great snow-storm. I had to stop and build a fire on shore in the snow. I have no tomahawk, no bread, but little corn, and it was very cold! I heat a stone, and put that stone to my back when I go to bed, and I wake up every half hour. Nobody with me; but I have good book and Jesus with me. I have good company there that cold night."

Bay de Noque is at the north end of Green Bay, and the Indians there are asking for a native missionary to live with them. Thus the leaven of truth and grace was constantly spreading.

In the preceding autumn (1835) Mr. Clark visited Sault Ste. Marie and remained several days, looking to the various interests of the mission, and uniting with the brethren in efforts to increase the prosperity of the work. In his letter to the Board he says:

"I found the little mission family (consisting of Milton Bourne, teacher, and Peter Jacobs, exhorter, and family) all in good health and spirits. The Indians have better prospects of support than last fall, as they have a more abundant supply of potatoes. The services of a good farmer would be of incalculable benefit to the Indians. It would increase their means of subsistence, render them more permanent, and thus the labors of the mis-

sionaries and teachers would be fourfold more beneficial. The expense annually would not be more than $250, and his services would not be needed more than two years.

"I am happy to say the Indians are increasingly attached to their houses, so that if a person could be employed two years to aid them in enlarging their fields, making good fences to secure their crops, as well as to give them instruction in agriculture, the time is near when they would be as permanently settled as their white neighbors. While their poverty induces erratic habits, they are deprived of regular instruction; yet I found them in a better state than I had expected. The interviews I had with them at their camps, in their houses, in social prayer, in public, and at the Lord's Table, were both interesting and profitable. Be assured the pious feelings of this people are of no evanescent character. The region is cold, soil rather poor, and hence the Indians are wandering in their habits. Still the day of eternity will show that money has not been bestowed nor labor performed in vain upon these destitute sheep in the wilderness."

In the spring of 1836 Mr. Clark again visited Menomonee River, where John Cah-beach was laboring. *Menomonee* signifies *rice*, and the chief rivers of this country abound with that grain. It is

collected in September. Before it is fully ripe, the Indians pass through in canoes, and tie the straw in small bundles just above the water, to prevent its falling as it ripens. When it is ready for the harvest, they cut these bundles below the bands, and take them in canoes to the place of threshing. In order to deprive the grain of the hull, they put it into large sacks, and tread it out with their feet. As the sack must be kept in an upright position during the operation, it is placed in a round hole dug in the earth. This grain, at that time, constituted a *staple* in the line of food, and considerable quantities were sold to other places.

Cah-beach had labored faithfully in the midst of difficulties, and had met with some success. Several Indians had begun to listen with interest to the words of the teacher, and some had begun to pray to the true God. But there were many discouragements, among which was the death of the chief, who had been foremost in requesting instruction for his people. Whisky, also, was doing its work of degradation and death, notwithstanding the prohibitory law of the general government. Perhaps those unprincipled traders had at their command some seventh-rate lawyer, who pronounced the law *unconstitutional*, as their successors have done in similar cases in later times; if so, it is not strange that whisky was regarded as "the one thing needful."

The converted Indians are very conscientious in relation to the discharge of duty, and also in their regard for the institutions of religion. The Christian Sabbath is most sacredly observed, as the following will show: A woman and her children having gone into the woods to make sugar, were compelled to remain eight days before they could secure sap from the trees. Their food was exhausted, and they were compelled to fast for several days. On Saturday the warm weather came, and the trees were tapped, and on Sabbath the sap flowed freely. Though sorely pinched with hunger, she waited until midnight, and then collected the sap, boiled it to molasses, and just before daylight they satisfied their gnawing hunger. Is not this a strong rebuke to many who profess religion, and yet forget to keep the Sabbath-day holy?

Mr. Clark made arrangements for the erection of a house, twenty by thirty feet, which should serve the purposes of the family and school, and he fondly hoped that this might be the nucleus of a seminary for the instruction of teachers, who might be gathered from the various tribes, and in due time go forth to preach the Gospel and teach the children through all those regions of darkness and sin.

But while his warm heart rejoiced in the fact, that for a hundred miles along that bay an

influence was extending in favor of Christianity, and while his visions of the future were tinged with brightness, a change came over the face of things at that point. The Indians concluded to dispose of their lands and remove into the interior, and an end was made, both of the mission and school at Menomonee River. Such events often crossed his plans in other places, and caused him much disappointment. The avarice of the whites, and the improvidence of the Indians, were strong barriers to missionary success.

The mission at Oneida West was in a prosperous state in 1836. The school had been for some time under the care of Rolla H. Chubb, of Western New-York; but he was on the point of leaving for the interior of the Chippewa country. It was, therefore, put under the care of Miss Sophia Mudgett, who, with Miss Etherlinda Lee, had just arrived from Newberry Seminary, Vt. Miss Lee was instructed to open a school about four miles north of the other, for which arrangements were nearly completed. A house was secured under a permanent lease for fifty dollars, and there was already a school of fifteen native children and a class of twenty members.

In that place Miss Lee opened her school on the 26th of June; and, after teaching four and a half days, a mob of opposing chiefs, the interpreter and

others—all under the pastoral care of the Rev. Solomon Davis, of the Protestant Episcopal Church—came and leveled the house with the ground. Concerning this abominable outrage Mr. Clark says:

"So they appear determined, that, while they have no school for the benefit of the young pagans, we shall not be permitted to have one for those under our own care. But they, with the reverend gentleman at their head, as their spiritual guide, must settle this matter at the great day of accounts. Sister Lee, though thus roughly handled, was calm and self-possessed, and is in the other part of the nation, and is useful."

It is not absolutely certain that he of *the* Church instigated the outrage; but surely he had not taught his people the plain lessons of heathen morality, and much less of Christian charity and brotherly kindness.

CHAPTER XV.

INDIAN MISSIONS—CONTINUED.

Visits Sault Ste. Marie — Indian Improvements — Ke-wa-we-non — Peaceful Deaths — Statistics — Mr. Chandler visits Home — Visit to Lac Court Oreille — Rev. Sherman Hall — A Suggestion — Mode of Travel — Portages — Portage Collars — A dangerous Plunge — Friendly Chief at Lac Court Oreille — Credulity of Indians — Mr. Clark parts with the Teachers — Farewell Prayer in the Forest — Long Journey — Mississippi River — Prairie du Chien — Swiss Mission — Fort Winnebago — Services in the Fort — Lake Winnebago — Green Bay — His Observations — Changes in that Country — Effect on Missions — Extract from Episcopal Recorder.

Mr. Clark visited Sault Ste. Marie again in the spring of 1836, and found the mission family in health, and the community in peace. The Indians had occupied their houses with gladness and comfort during the winter, and more were desired. Their fields had been much enlarged; and the erection of division fences gave to the whole an agricultural air which was quite cheering. Their spiritual state was good, and, out of thirty-three native members, only one had tasted a drop of whisky; and he gave such evident signs of real humiliation that he was borne with. Mr. Bourne was about leaving on a visit to his friends in the east, and then return and join the conference in which the Indian missions were located.

The superintendent also visited Ke-wa-we-non a few days later, and found the work prospering. Two members of the society had died as Christians die—in peace, and with a joyful hope of a blissful immortality. One had been set aside, and three new converts had been received. The whole number of members was thirty-two. The school contained twenty-seven children—four in the alphabet, eighteen in spelling, and five in reading lessons. He contracted for a good school-house, eighteen by twenty-four feet, with four windows; to be furnished with a stove, writing-table, and benches; the whole at a cost of $131. He also furnished the Indians with five new axes and five grub hoes.

After two years' laborious service Mr. Chandler left on the 20th of June, to visit his friends in the east, and attend the session of the Troy Conference, into which body he had been admitted on trial two years before. By a change in the time of holding the conference, (of which he was not advised,) he arrived too late to be admitted and ordained. But when the facts were laid before Bishop Hedding, he invited Mr. Chandler to meet him at the Genesee Conference, where, on the usual recommendation, he was ordained to the office of both deacon and elder.

On Mr. Chandler's departure from that mission Mr. Clark says: "We find it hard to break away from these perishing sheep in the wilderness. Yes!

notwithstanding their ignorance and filth, their condition awakens sympathy in the heart of the missionary, from which it is impossible to escape. The Lord help us to be faithful."

In the absence of Mr. Chandler, that station was left in charge of William Herkimer, the native who had labored there in connection with him; and also of Mr. Chubb, who had been the teacher at Oneida West.

In July of this year, (1836,) Mr. Clark set out on a visit to Lac Court Oreille, and tarried a few days at La Pointe, where he was kindly entertained by the Rev. Mr. Hall, at the Mission of the American Board. The reader has heard of this Christian gentleman before; and Mr. Clark confirms all that was said in his favor by the native speakers who had shared his hospitality and courtesy. He says: "As it does not belong to me to report the state of the work in other denominations, I will only remark, that the providential detention of our brethren here for the winter has been, I trust, a blessing to this mission, and will send out an influence in the country which will do good in days to come. By the aid of one of our young Chippewas, Mr. Hall has been able to translate the entire Gospel of Luke into that language, and is anxious to be assisted to translate that of Mark also. Could not the great cause be promoted by our coöperation in preparing the entire

New Testament, with elementary school-books in Chippewa? The American Board is beforehand with us in regard to white missionaries, while we are in advance of them in regard to natives. Now, a combination of our strength in preparing books for instruction would, as appears to me, be attended with mutual benefit."

At every point, and at all times, we find the heart of our missionary intent upon the work in hand, and devising liberal things in relation to the future of Indian improvement and elevation. But his views and plans were in advance of the zeal and faith of the Church; and he was obliged to work with half-digested plans, and with very limited means, and wait until a brighter day should dawn upon the Church, and upon the pagans of our own land.

From La Pointe he pressed on to Lac Court Oreille, which required eleven days of hardship and toil. Tradition says this lake received its name from the first Indian family that came to the vicinity. It was called the *Ottawa* family, and this is the true Indian name of the lake, the other being its French name. Of this journey Mr. Clark thus speaks:

"Could our eastern friends have seen us in our trip from Lake Superior to the Mississippi, both smiles and sympathy would have been excited. In

the whole route we made twenty-one portages, which, you know, are carrying places, where both canoe and baggage must be carried over on our heads and shoulders. One of those portages was nine miles long, and required two days to pass it; several others were from two to three miles. In making these our canoe was carried bottom upward, the cross-bars resting on the shoulders, and we rested every half mile. My canoe was eighteen feet long, and made a good load for two men. We passed our baggage by means of *tump-lines*, or, as they are called, portage collars. They are wide straps of leather, about two feet long, with narrow straps at each end, which are fastened around the load to be carried. The load rests on the small of the back, and the wide strap passes across the forehead. On this bundle a second one is placed, resting against the back part of the head, to prevent its being drawn back by the weight of the first. While rather a raw hand at this business, my jaws would crack, my neck grow stiff, and every bone, and sinew, and muscle of my head was put to the test. But so it was, and so it must be, in order to perform my journey in time to meet the Illinois Conference in October."

When passing one of the streams, which they call *Bad River*, they became very weary in managing the canoe in the midst of rocks and

rapids, and Mr. Clark proposed that they rest a while. He stood upon a rock, holding the canoe by a rope, while the action of the rapid water caused it to sway to and fro with considerable violence. By a sudden and unexpected jerk he was thrown into the water, which was both rapid and deep, and which soon took him around a point, out of sight of his Indian companions who stood on the shore. They ran in great haste across the point, fearing that their good friend would be drowned and lost to them forever. But before they could reach the place, or arrive in sight, they heard his cheerful *whoop*, and were reassured. He had drifted toward the shore, and caught the drooping branch of a tree which hung over the water, and had drawn himself up. The young men received him, almost as one from the dead, and during that day would not suffer him to carry any burdens, or labor in navigating their craft.

On his arrival at Lac Court Oreille he found the chief, Moo-zoo-jeole, (Moose Tail,) in very feeble health, lying partly on the ground, and on a dirty sack of feathers, in a small wigwam, full of dirt and smoke. He received the missionary with much cordiality; and as Copway and Taunchy had become known by their labors, he was prepared to give his full consent to the opening of a permanent mission and school. He told Mr. Clark to make

his own selection of a place on which to build. This he did about half way between the Indian village and the house of the trader. The village was pleasantly situated on a peninsula of high table-land, having Lac Court Oreille on the west, and a small lake on the east. These lakes are connected by a channel about fifty rods wide, the one being about eight miles by two, and the other two miles in circuit.

This band of Chippewas was estimated at four hundred; and all the ignorance, superstition, and jealousy which are common to pagan tribes could be predicated of them. They listened with eagerness to the bug-bear stories of the French Romanists and those of mixed blood who resided among them for purposes of trade. One of those stories was, that when the missionaries should gain their confidence, they would carry off their children and sell them for slaves. And some, who affected to believe this, requested the chief to send away the native missionaries. But the chief, when conversing with Mr. Clark, said: "I told them, these men are our people, our brothers; they come to do us good; to teach our children, not to steal them; and I would give them a place to build, and not send them away." And he added: "My people will do your young men no harm." "From such a reception," says Mr. Clark, "in a land where,

until within a few months, the name of Jesus had not been heard from pious lips, may we not hope for success?"

Having tarried long enough to make all necessary arrangements for the establishment and conduct of a permanent mission and school, he took leave of his young men. The parting was affecting, like that of a father leaving his children in their inexperience and loneliness, perhaps to meet no more. They accompanied him a little way, and he kneeled down in the woods and prayed for them and the work in which they were engaged. And while their heads were bowed in sorrow, and their faces wet with tears, he shook hands with them and said: "Brothers, take courage, do all the good you can, pray much, trust in God; tell the poor Indians how the Saviour died for them. I will pray for you. Good-by, and may the Lord bless you and your labors." They watched and wept until the course of the river took him out of their sight, and then returned to their scene of labor among their pagan brothers.

He descended the Chippewa River and its tributaries to the Mississippi, about one hundred miles below the Falls of St. Anthony, and two hundred above Prairie du Chien. In descending the Red Cedar branch of the Chippewa he passed a deserted camp, where, about ten days before, one of their

women had been killed and scalped by a party of Sioux. Those warlike tribes were hostile to each other, often spilling each other's blood along their territorial line. But both tribes were friendly to the whites, and he passed days and nights in their country without molestation or fear, though utterly defenseless.

Descending the Mississippi River about sixty miles, he visited the mission station of Messrs. Gavin and Denton, from Switzerland. Mrs. Denton he found to be an American lady, contented and happy, although one hundred and twenty miles from any white female companion. A day and a half more brought him to Prairie du Chien, where he passed a pleasant Sabbath with Rev. Alfred Brunson, who had recently arrived to aid in spreading the Gospel in the West.

From this place he passed up the Wisconsin River to Fort Winnebago, where he spent a Sabbath, and was hospitably entertained in the family of Doctor M'Dougal, assistant-surgeon of the post. He preached twice to the officers and soldiers in the fort. On taking his leave, the officers and their good wives showed him no little kindness, and bestowed upon him many benefits, for which he was very grateful.

He pursued his weary way to Lake Winnebago, perhaps two hundred miles, and rested there a while with

the mission family of the American Board. From this place his route was down the Fox River to Green Bay, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles by water. On completing this route he offers the following remarks:

"1. In all my journey of eleven weeks, a distance of two thousand miles, my strength, courage, and patience have been equal to my day. To God be all the praise!

"2. The more I travel in the Indian country, the more does my heart long for their salvation."

Such were some of the journeys and perils of this successor of the apostles! Truly he was "in labors abundant," and often in perils by land and by water, in perils by robbers and wild beasts, by frosts and snows; yet all was endured with cheerfulness and fortitude seldom equaled, and never surpassed.

The changes which have occurred in all the regions over which Mr. Clark traveled, have materially affected the Indian missions. In many instances they have removed far from their former locations, and the march of civilization and improvement has changed their hunting-grounds into fruitful fields, and their villages have given place to the busy marts and crowded cities of the white man. But some of the missions established by Mr. Clark are yet in existence and in prosperity. A correspondent of the

Episcopal Recorder, writing from Lake Superior in 1855, makes the following reference to one of them:

"Our next stopping-place was at the Methodist mission on the south shore, and decidedly the most successful one that we had visited. A thousand acres of land had been purchased by the mission, including three miles of coast, and five acres are given to each Indian family to cultivate. There are about one hundred Indians, and forty children in the schools. Many of the Indians have good, substantial log-houses and well-cultivated gardens: the women and children are well-dressed, having abandoned the Indian costume, and they speak the English language with propriety.

"My visit to this mission was one of sincere gratification, and quickened my hopes in behalf of the race. Here is a little community isolated, the missionaries having complete control of their grounds. The government has also made a reservation just back of their line of coast, and given to each Indian forty acres additional. The Rev. Mr. Shaw and Rev. Mr. Price, missionaries, were absent at their conference. I, however, visited the mission-house and schools, and many of the Indian families; and, from what I could gather, they appear to be well instructed in the leading truths of the Gospel. The wood on the wharf for the use of steamers had been cut by the

Indians, and most of the male Indians were absent making hay. Here is a community of red men, sober, orderly, moral, religious, and industrious, showing what the grace of God can do with savages, if faith and patience once inspire their teachers."

CHAPTER XVI.

LEAVING THE INDIAN MISSIONS.

Chicago District—His Paternal Feelings toward the Missions—Visits the East with three Native Christians—Effects of the Visit—Attachment of the Natives to Mr. Clark—Incident—Extract—The Name given him, Waub-ke-newh—Extent of his District—Indian Missions included—Visit to Green Bay—Sleeps on Snow—His Labors—Camp-Meetings—Courage and Endurance—On the troubled Lake—The solitary Sentinel—Extract of a Letter to a Bachelor Preacher—To a needy one on Teaching School.

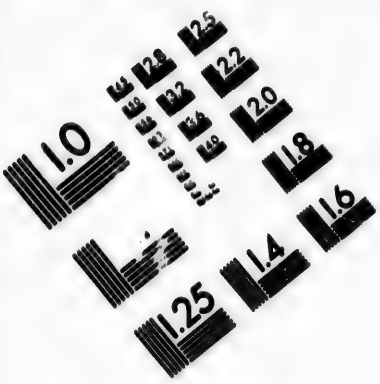
On the 10th of November, 1836, Mr. Clark wrote to the Board that he had heard of the death of the old chief at Lac Court Oreille; and he expresses some anxiety lest this event should operate unfavorably upon the mission. He has also learned that the young men who were laboring there were in health.

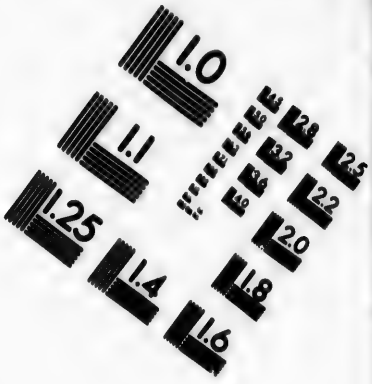
In the division of labor in the Illinois Conference that mission was included in the Galena District, under the care of Rev. A. Brunson, and I am not able to trace its history; and it is not necessary in this connection, as it is not any further related to the life or labors of Mr. Clark.

The intelligence from Sault Ste. Marie and Ke-wa-we-non was cheering. At the former place the head chief was increasingly friendly to the mission. Having witnessed the holy lives of those engaged in the

mission, and the decided change wrought upon his own people who had become Christians, his hostility abated, and his convictions of the Divinity of our religion increased. Some who had been careless, were beginning in good earnest to pray.

In the organization of the Michigan Conference it was made to include the whole of that state, and of course Sault Ste. Marie and Ke-wa-we-non were embraced, and Mr. Clark's charge and connection with those places ceased. Mr. Chandler was put in charge of both missions. On taking leave of the missions in the region of Lake Superior, he felt almost a paternal solicitude for their continued prosperity. They had shared in his labors and pious regard for four successive years. He had originated, supplied, and counseled them; had visited, worshiped with them; baptized the converts, and bowed with them at the table of the Lord, and it is not marvelous that he should be deeply affected when called to part with them. And they were as strongly attached to him, and when, in the following spring, he visited the East, three Chippewas of piety and talent accompanied him. Their names were Henry P. Chase, John Cahbeach, and John Taunchy. They held meetings and delivered addresses at Geneva, Seneca Falls, Auburn, Amsterdam, and Northampton. At the latter place they rested several days with Mrs. Clark's relatives. After this they visited Troy, Albany, and many other





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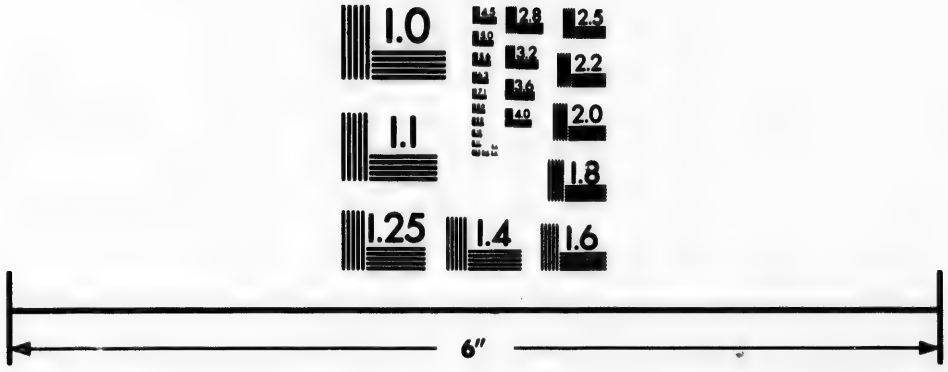

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places in the vicinity, and then went to New-York to attend the Anniversary of the Missionary Society. Leaving New-York, they went to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other places, and returned to their peculiar work in May.

In all places which they visited the effect was happy, and the zeal of the Church was materially increased in behalf of missions. The people were permitted to see and hear for themselves what the Lord had done for the poor Indians; and this demonstration could not fail to work out its practical results. The affection of those Indians for Mr. Clark was peculiarly strong, and exhibited itself in various and expressive forms. An instance will illustrate.

During the excursion above named, it was found convenient, on one occasion, for him to pass a night at some distance from their place of entertainment. They rose early in the morning, and hastened away, perhaps a mile, to his lodgings, to see if he was alive and well. Having ascertained this, and saluted him warmly, they were content to return to their breakfast at their own lodgings. One of them, (Henry P. Chase,) in a letter to the compiler, says: "If I had the means, I should almost be induced to take a trip to Troy to see you, on the subject of the biography, as I might give you some information that I do not now think of. I am so warmly attached to Brother Clark for his kind treatment of me, and I owe him so

much for giving me a knowledge of the first principles of Christianity, that I should like to throw light upon different points which you may wish to know."

This man had been Mr. Clark's interpreter for two years, and in company with him had visited several missions. He had seen him in various positions, and proved his worth under various circumstances. The Indians, by common consent, conferred on him the honorable name of Waub-ke-newh, (The White Eagle.)

At the session of the Illinois Conference, in October, 1836, Mr. Clark was appointed presiding elder of Chicago District, and the missions within its bounds, among which were Green Bay and Oneida West. His district extended south of Chicago one hundred miles, and north two hundred and fifty miles, while its breadth was from forty to eighty miles. In February, 1837, having visited those missions, he wrote as follows:

"Two years ago I first visited Chicago, and passed round to Green Bay, *via* Milwaukie and Lake Winnebago, lodging several nights in the open air. On my recent tour I found accommodations far otherwise. Two years ago, not an American family resided between Chicago and Milwaukie; now the country is thickly settled by farmers, mechanics, merchants, &c., while the moral aspect of the

country is really encouraging. From Milwaukie to Green Bay, by the lake road, I found a place of rest, with food for man and beast, three nights."

He tarried at the Bay ten days, and was much pleased with the condition and prospects of the mission. Returning, he took the route through the settlement of the Stockbridge and Brothertown Indians, where he tarried one night with the Presbyterian brethren; and then left for Milwaukie, which he reached on the third day, having slept two nights on the snow, with his buffalo robe wrapped around him.

Of his labors on that district there is no special account, and we can only judge of his competence from our previous acquaintance with him. In general it is reported that he was regarded as a model presiding elder, both in the pulpit and in the moderator's chair. At camp-meetings, in that new country, he was considered one of the best presiding and managing officers they had ever seen. His district required long journeys, both fatiguing and lonely; and often those journeys demanded a large share of courage as well as physical endurance. To camp on the snow during a cold winter's night, and alone in the depths of the forest, is not to be done with composure by one destitute of courage; nor to be endured by one who is not blessed with a strong constitution. And his voyages upon the lakes and

rivers, in the frail bark canoe, were often calculated to try the grace of courage.

Rev. Milton Bourne, who was for some time with Mr. Clark in the mission work, speaks of being with him in the frail boat when the storm was raging in its fury, and when few of the sons of the wave would retain their courage and self-command; and yet he was always as calm as if he was sitting in safety on the shore. He would give directions with all coolness and deliberation, while for hours in succession he would ply the oars with all the energy of an experienced *voyageur*. Indeed, he was at comparative ease, whether in storm or calm; in the splendid city church, or the kitchen of the pioneer, or the wigwam of the Indian, as the place of worship. In the society of the rich and poor, the refined or rude, he could make himself equally at home.

He held a camp-meeting near Geneva in 1837, which is supposed to have been the first ever held in Northern Illinois. He is represented as presiding with great natural dignity and propriety, and contributing largely to the order and success of the meeting by his able preaching, warm exhortations, and wise arrangements. One night, when there were some indications of rowdyism, he induced all who belonged to the meeting to retire to rest; each doubtless supposing that some others had been selected to keep guard; and then, arraying himself for the pur-

pose, he acted as sentinel during the whole night. If there was work to be done, or difficulty to be met, he was at hand, and ready for either.

A certain quarterly meeting was held in a log-house, where he preached with much power to the congregation, held a prayer-meeting in the evening, and then straw beds were laid upon the floor, from side to side of the room, and the guests laid them down to sleep, just as contented and happy as if reposing on beds of down, surrounded with damask curtains, and the presiding elder not the least contented and happy of the company. He held camp-meetings at Geneva, Popple Creek, Indian Creek, and other places in Northern Illinois; all of which proved profitable. At each of these meetings he proved himself eminently qualified, both for government and to inspire energy and earnestness into the hearts of the preachers and people.

After serving three years in this laborious field, with great acceptability and success, he was appointed to Mount Morris District, where he remained but one year. Here he was the same faithful and laborious minister as before; and although no particulars have come to hand, yet we have the best assurance of his usefulness, in the fact that, for several years before his last removal to Illinois, the preachers in the Rock River Conference were importunate in their request for his transfer thither.

While in charge of one of the above-named districts, one of his bachelor preachers, having a mind for matrimony, doubtless fully convinced that "it is not good for man to be alone," wrote him on the subject. He received the following in reply:

"As to the subject of matrimony, I will state a few facts. First: I think when young men remain single, they have better opportunities for study and visiting the people, than those have who are married. Secondly: We have but few parsonages in this country, therefore it is more embarrassing to have a family than otherwise; also more expensive in moving, &c. Third: At present our support is very limited, and unless a man have some little private means, he will be liable to be embarrassed and pinched on this score.

"Now, brother, with these facts before you, do just what you honestly believe will be most for the glory of God and the promotion of the greatest good, including your own happiness, and you have my consent and approval. But, a friendly whisper: Don't let *Cupid* put your eyes out with one of his darts, for then passion, and not reason, will guide!"

On another occasion, a preacher, perhaps in want and comparative destitution, desired his advice in relation to teaching school for a season, in connection with his work as a minister, and Mr. Clark gave him the following reply:

"As a general thing, I am of the opinion that if a man devotes himself to his proper work as a minister, he will find little time to spare for any secular pursuit. But, in the present case, I hardly know what to write. How will the people of your charge view the matter? If you teach school, can you visit and preach as may be necessary for the raising up of a 'plant of righteousness' that will take deep root and flourish? And, finally, can you prosecute your studies as may be necessary if you teach? Satisfy your own mind on these subjects, and then, if you think it best to teach one quarter, do so."

Here are the right views, kindly and plainly expressed; and yet, as the case was rather pressing, he virtually acquiesces in the proposed plan for relieving the present distress. But our people should never bring their ministers into such straits, nor lay upon them such burdens.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE OVERLAND TRIP.

Volunteers for Texas—Motives—Outfit for the Journey—Rev. J. W. Whipple—Diary—Princeton—Northampton—Peoria—Ellen Grove—Irish Grove—Springfield—Carlinville—Paddock's Grove—St. Louis—Farmington—Fredericktown—A Two-days' Meeting—Greenville—Camp Cyprus—Camp Sycamore—A little Mishap—Strawberry Camp—Lunch Creek—Camp Necessity—Batesville—Morals of the Place—Arkansas Conference—Religious Services—Temperance—Sally Doe—Bayou de Salle—A Tempest—A Break-down—John Wilson—A Cold Meeting—Pine Knot Camp—Cyprus Knees—Camp Felicity—Rain—Camp Holly—Camp Solitude—A Chapel—A Singular Weapon—"Kill a Man Twice"—Red River—Long Moss Camp—Bay Tree Camp—Texas Line—Red Land Camp—San Augustine—Twenty Nights in Camp.

Most men would have concluded that their share of hardships and privation had been endured, after *nine years* of toil on Indian missions, and extensive districts in the new country; but Mr. Clark appeared to enjoy this "roughing it in the bush," and his heart was drawn toward the Republic of Texas. It was not the love of adventure, nor that he might acquire fame, that he volunteered for that new and distant field. But he saw a territory, large and productive, which, by its spiritual condition, called for laborers, with an importunity which could not be easily resisted. Texas had de-

clared its independence of Mexico, and was resisting with all its might the forces which the Mexicans were employing against it. By its declaration of independence, and its form of government, Texas had recognized religious equality, and the yoke of Rome was broken, that worst of all despotisms, which had prevailed in, and which still debases, Mexico.

A considerable number of brave and self-sacrificing ministers had already entered that field, and were toiling to make it "Immanuel's land;" and not the least among these were Methodist preachers. Fowler, [illegible]nder, Richardson, and many others were early on the ground, and it was by their side that Mr. Clark desired to stand, to do battle for the great Protestant cause, in the peculiar form of *Methodism*. Had he desired good appointments, in those portions of the work where privations were among past experiences, he could have had them, for at that date few were before, or above him, in popularity or efficiency. But he chose rather to have a place in the front ranks of the *militant* host, where he must "endure *hardness* as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." With this spirit he volunteered for Texas.

He left his late residence at Dixon, Lee County, Illinois, on Monday, October 4, 1841, and commenced his long and tiresome journey to the new

Republic. He had a good pair of horses, and light pleasure-wagon hung on elliptic springs, with a standing cover. The carriage was easy and convenient, and carried about five hundred pounds weight of baggage, &c., for the comfort and use of the family. Among these articles was a marquee, or linen tent, glass lamp, ax, hammer, tea-kettle, frying-pan, coffee-mill, patent coffee-boiler, water-bucket, provision-basket, plates, knives and forks, spoons, &c. Having a large experience in forest life, he was prepared to judge of the wants of travelers in such circumstances, and provide accordingly. He had also a good single horse and buggy, designed for the use of Bishop Morris, whom they expected to meet at St. Louis, and who was expected to accompany them from that place to Texas. Rev. Josiah W. Whipple, who had volunteered for the same field, drove the single horse, while Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and little John E., rode in the covered carriage.

Some extracts from his diary may be more interesting than any other account which might be given of the journey.

"Started at 10 A. M., and by evening had traveled thirty-five miles to Princeton, and tarried with Rev. J. M. Snow, the preacher of the circuit. Mrs. Clark much fatigued.

"*Tuesday, October 5th.*—Made thirty-seven miles,

and put up at a little burgh, called Northampton, at a rum-tavern. The ride to-day has been over prairie chiefly, fifteen miles without a house; water-courses frequent, prairie rolling, and of pretty good quality.

Wednesday, 6th.—Came to Peoria, eighteen miles, and dined with Brother Markley, a plain, agreeable man from Harrisburgh, Penn. Rested about three hours, and, uniting in prayer to God, took up our line of march, and by sunset came to Ellen Grove, and called on William Davies, to whom I had been directed; but the good man and his wife being absent, we pushed on to Liberty, sixteen miles from Peoria, and passed the night with a Brother Fuller. Peoria, since I saw it last, five years ago, has greatly improved in its appearance and business. It has a pleasant location on the west side of the Illinois River.

"*Thursday, 7th.*—Left early, and moved leisurely to Broderic to dinner. Rested three hours, and at night came to Irish Grove, and put up with Brother J. B. Smith. Our host, at noon, gave Mrs. Clark an interesting sketch of Texas in 1840, written by Brother O. Fisher, who had spent some time there. Traveled to-day thirty-five miles. All well. The Lord be praised for all his mercies.

"*Friday, 8th.*—Left Smith's at 8 A. M., and at noon came to Springfield. Called on Edmund Roberts;

spent the afternoon and night very pleasantly. Called at the parsonage, and found Sister Fisher much composed in view of her long journey to Texas. I judge that Methodism has seen greater prosperity here than it now enjoys. 'O Lord, revive thy work!'

"*Saturday, 9th.*—Left at 8 A. M. Called at M'Elvain's to dine, and reached Carlinville after dark, distance forty miles. Put up at Brother S. M. Otwell's. He was absent, but his family received us kindly.

"On Sabbath Brother Whipple and myself both preached. The congregations small, but, on the whole, we had a comfortable day.

"*Monday, 11th.*—The rain on the previous night had caused deep mud, which rendered traveling very fatiguing for the horses. Dined at G. W. Fox's stage-house; and at dark brought up at Gershom Flagg's, Paddock's Grove. Distance from Carlinville twenty-eight miles.

"*Tuesday, 12th.*—Dined at Rev. S. H. Thompson's, Edwardsville. He was in very poor health, but with much of the missionary spirit. We passed with him a pleasant hour, united in prayer, and then made for William Hadley's, on the American Bottoms. Distance this day sixteen miles.

"*Wednesday, 13th.*—Passed a pleasant night with Brother Hadley, and set off in the morning for St. Louis, which we reached at noon. Here we met with warm reception and good quarters, where we

tarried until Tuesday, October 19, with Brother Burd.

"*Tuesday, October 19th.*—We set out with Bishop Morris in company. He drives the single horse before the buggy, while the rest of us occupy the carriage, except John E., who is sometimes with us, and sometimes with the bishop. We traveled twenty-five miles, and were kindly entertained at night by Brother Hunt, who formerly resided in Ohio.

"*Wednesday, 20th.*—Reached Dr. Skeel's at noon; rested, dined, and the bishop baptized a child. We then pressed on to Poston's, which we reached after dark; road rough and hilly; distance thirty-one miles. Here we found a pleasant family and good accommodations. Thus far the country is broken, and the timber shrubby; but the soil and timber begin to improve.

"*Thursday, 21st.*—We hastened on to Farmington, thirteen miles. This is the seat of justice for St. Francis County. We called on Brother Murphy, who has resided here for thirty years. While tarrying here Bishop Morris ordained Brother Job Lawrence, who had been elected to deacon's orders some time previously. The evening proved stormy, and a small congregation assembled, to whom the bishop preached on 2 Corinthians viii, 9.

"*Friday, 22d.*—Came eighteen miles to Fredericktown, the seat of justice for Madison County. A two-

days' meeting had been appointed in view of our coming. Mrs. Clark, myself, and son, were entertained at Brother Overfield's. He was absent with his daughter, but his good wife rendered our stay until Monday very agreeable.

"*Saturday*, A. M., Bishop Morris preached on the 'Exceeding great and precious promises.' The discourse was instructing and profitable. At night I preached on Hebrews iv, 16.

"On Sunday the bishop, Brother Whipple, and myself, addressed the people. This place is about ninety miles from St. Louis.

"*Monday*, 25*th*.—We took our dinner at Twelve Mile Creek, and at night put up with Mr. Short, a Baptist, where we were well entertained, for reasonable prices. On Tuesday set out in good season, took a lunch by the way, and put up at night at Z. Smith's, in Greenville, Wayne County. Mr. Smith's family, both children and servants, know their places and keep them. He would receive no compensation for our entertainment. May our Master extend salvation to him and his family! Amen.

"*Wednesday*, 27*th*.—Crossed St. Francis River; came to Big Black River, and took a lunch out of our own store, and passed on to Sister Scott's, a widow lady, whose family kindly entertained us in her absence.

"*Thursday*, 28*th*.—Rainy in the morning; but at

10 A. M. we started, and after traveling twenty miles, put up near Logan's Creek, providing our own food and lodging. Our tent was pitched under the spreading branches of a venerable cypress, the first I had ever seen. We measured the tree, and found it twenty-four feet in circumference. The tent was divided into two apartments, one of which was occupied by the bishop and Brother Whipple, and the other by myself and family. We passed a comfortable night, and our horses were well fed on provender which we purchased before leaving the settlement. We named our resting-place Camp Cypress.

"*Friday, 29th.*—Crossed the line of Missouri into Arkansas, at Current River, by ferry. Pushed on till night, and encamped near the road on the bank of the Fourche de Mass, (pronounced Foosh de Maw,) having made twenty-two miles.

"On Saturday the rain fell, and we remained in camp. In the afternoon Brother Whipple set off to try to raise a congregation for the Sabbath, while we were busy in preparing fuel, &c., for that day. When Brother Whipple returned he was accompanied by Brother William Spikes, who urged us to leave our wet camp, and the annoyance of pigs, and go home with him, a distance of three miles. So we left Camp Fourche de Mass, (Foosh de Maw,) and found comfortable lodgings. The Sabbath was rainy, and no congregation could be secured; but at 11 o'clock the

corpse of a child was brought to be buried on Brother Spikes's premises, and the bishop read the Scriptures, sung and prayed with the few persons present, and the parents saw their child interred with Christian rites.

"*Monday, November 1st.*—Still rainy, and we tarry to dry our tent, prepare stores, and be ready to set out next day. Brother Whipple procured flour, which Mrs. Clark baked. Brother Whipple also took his gun and went in search of game, and returned with squirrels and a fine rabbit, which were boiled, to take with us on our way.

"*Tuesday, 2d.*—Reached the main or stage road, and came by a by-way to a small stream, called Eleven Pines, as so many of those trees stand near the spring where it rises. We forded the stream, and arrived at Jackson about four P. M.; passed on one mile and a half to Spring River, and encamped for the night. We kindled our fire by the side of a large sycamore, cleared away the brush, and a few thorns from the honey locust, and pitched our tent. Brother Whipple went with the buggy to procure corn, fodder, and milk, and soon returned with a good supply; and we passed the night pleasantly at Camp Sycamore.

"*Wednesday, 3d.*—This morning we sent two of our horses to a blacksmith's to be shod; and, in the meantime, the bishop took the *auger*, (the short gun,) and

went in search of game. After a while he returned with two doves, which he had mistaken for pigeons. Left our camp at ten A. M., and at noon discovered the loss of our tea-kettle. We took the Colonel from the pole, and Brother Whipple mounted him, and rode back two and a half miles, recovered the kettle, and we soon moved on. Having reached Strawberry River, twenty miles, we encamped for the night, and called our resting-place Strawberry Camp.

Thursday, 4th.—Took the new road to Batesville, and found some brush, some logs, some stones, a few hills; and came to a stream of pure water, where we kindled a fire by the aid of steel, flint, and spunk, in true Indian style. We warmed our kettle of stew, roasted a squirrel, satisfied both men and beasts, called the stream Lunch Creek, and passed on. We reached Mr. Adams's at four P. M., where we expected to spend the night. But his house was undergoing repairs of roof, chamber floors, &c.; and having secured blades, corn, &c., for our horses, chickens, sweet potatoes, and milk for ourselves, we went a little distance to a small run of water, and made our camp, which we called Camp Necessity.

"*Friday, 5th.*—We rose at daydawn, and found our bucket of water frozen over. Made all ready, and moved on to Batesville, which place we reached at three P. M. Met Brother Juba Estabrook, the circuit preacher, who conducted us to Mr. A. W.

Lyon's, a Presbyterian brother, who will entertain us during our stay. Saturday rose in health, as also my family. I feel very much at home in this kind family; and the more so as Mrs. Lyon's brother was a special friend of mine at Sault Ste. Marie. Bishop Morris finds a home with Colonel Pelham, an old settler, and clerk of the county, a pious Methodist.

"Two weeks ago last Thursday, Mr. Burton, a young man, was shot, about three miles from town, by some one in ambush. He fell from his horse and expired, having received eleven buckshot. Suspicion rested upon a Dr. Akin, who left the place; but was pursued and brought back. Much excitement prevails, and the doctor is committed for trial. Horse-racing has been the order of the present week, with a part of this community. This is a plausible but pernicious mode of gambling. O Lord, open the eyes of the people to see the error and folly of their way! Preached once on Sabbath, and heard the bishop. Attended Sabbath school. They have a fine, orderly school of sixty scholars, and a library of three hundred volumes, all from our own Book Rooms.

"*Monday*, 8*th*.—Purchased an old pair of elliptic springs to place within mine, lengthwise of the carriage, for better support. The way has been rough, and the load too heavy for one pair since leaving St. Louis.

"*Wednesday, Nov.* 10*th.*—The Arkansas Conference began its session in the court-house, Bishop Morris presiding. About thirty ministers were present, and all appeared to be united in the work. They are generally young in appearance, and energetic in action. This conference covers a vast extent of territory, and they truly need more help.

'Lord of the harvest, hear
Thy needy children's cry.'

On Friday I preached to the colored people at the court-house on, 'Grow in Grace.' Had some liberty in spirit, and used great simplicity in the discourse. Saturday heard Brother John Warrell at night: a good, plain, sensible discourse.

"*Sunday*, 14*th.*—The bishop preached at ten A. M. on, 'Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God!' an interesting and inspiriting discourse. I held forth in the afternoon from Luke xxiv, 46, on the truth and mercy of the Gospel. At night Brother J. C. Parker preached on, 'Gallio cared for none of these things.'

"*Monday*, 15*th.*—Attended a temperance meeting, and listened to a plain and pointed address from Brother Allen, of this conference. About seventy joined the society. At night the Anniversary of the Conference Missionary Society was held: an interesting season. The collection amounted to $158, and

pledges to $300 more: a noble effort, considering the hardness of the times. Conference closed to-day, and all seemed pleased with the work assigned them. Methodist itinerant preachers are a strange set of self-sacrificing men.

"Mr. John Agnew came to this place during the week, to spend the winter with his sister, Mrs. Lyon. He is from Sault Ste. Marie; and the meeting of relatives was a joyful one, after a separation of fourteen years. And it was very pleasant to us to meet with our old neighbor.

"*Tuesday, 16th.*—Left our kind friends at Batesville, in the midst of a cold rain, as our time was limited. We were detained at White River ferry some time on account of the freshet, and then put on twelve miles, and encamped for the night at Sally Doe Creek. Among the early settlers was a woman by the name of *Sally*, who, on seeing a *doe* standing in the water, seized a gun and shot it, so the creek took its name from this circumstance.

"On Wednesday we pushed on to Indian Creek, twenty-seven miles, and reached Walker's, where we encamped, making twenty-one miles; and on Friday we arrived at Mr. Coverey's, where we tarried over night.

"On Saturday we crossed Arkansas River, and arrived at Little Rock, where we found a good resting-place at Judge Crutchfield's. This is the

capital of the state, and a fine location. Bishop Morris preached on Sabbath morning, and I addressed the people in the afternoon on, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' Methodism is feeble, and they much need a strong man in the ministry in this city.

"*Monday*, 22*d*.—Traveled twenty miles over a fine country and a tolerable road to Brother Roland's, where we found a hearty welcome and good fare. On Tuesday we came five miles to Benton, the seat of justice for Saline County, where the bishop preached in the court-house to about forty persons. After dining at Mr. Hackersmith's we pushed on to the house of Brother Cornelius, who had met us at Benton, to conduct us to his house, a distance of nine miles.

"*Wednesday*, 24*th*.—Came twenty-six miles, and encamped at Bayou de Salle. Just after supper a tempest of wind and rain came down upon us with great fury, which nearly put out our fire, and carried our tent by the board. But our united weight, one at each corner, saved us the embarrassment of a severe wetting and a houseless lodging. At the south end of this *twelve-mile stretch* we arrived on Thursday, and crossed the Washitaw River about noon, and came to, for the night, near Triggs, where, as we halted, the fore-axle of the buggy gave way, by which we were detained on

Friday to put things in repair. On these two days the weather was very cold, but we were comfortable in our cloth tent with our log-heap fire.

"*Saturday, 27th.*—Made twenty miles to Wolf Creek, and put up till Monday at Colonel John Wilson's, by whom we were kindly entertained. He keeps a public-house, but would receive no compensation for our entertainment. But had we known beforehand that this was the man who took the life of another on the floor of the Assembly of the state, we should have stopped short, gone further, or gone into camp, cold as it was, and it was very cold indeed! The bishop preached on Sabbath morning, and I gave a small talk in the evening. The house was open and cold—all cold together!

"*Monday, 29th.*—At sunrise the mercury stood but ten degrees above zero; but we traveled twenty-three miles, and found a good place of rest at Mr. Pate's, whose wife is a member of our Church. Next day we came to Washington, two miles, where we were kindly received by Christian friends, and I preached in the evening.

"*Wednesday, December 1st.*—The bishop, Brother Gregory, presiding elder, and myself, went to Columbus, eight miles, where we had service in the evening; and the following morning the bishop ordained three local deacons, one of whom had

been elected to deacon's orders in 1819! He had his certificate of election, which he had kept so long, while waiting for an opportunity to present it. His name is John Henry, and his license had been renewed every year. He is said to be a very useful man.

"*Friday*, 3*d*.—We left our kind friends at Washington, and traveled to Spring Hill, twenty-seven miles. Here we tarried until Monday, and had preaching on Saturday and Sabbath. This is a fine community, but it greatly needs faithful and judicious ministerial labor. It is a fine field for usefulness.

"*Monday*, 6*th*.—Left Spring Hill, and took the nearest way, to avoid returning to the general route by a longer course. We were accompanied by Colonel Winn and Major Popp three miles, when, having put us on the right course, they returned. We made eighteen miles, and encamped for the night in a place where we found abundance of light wood, and called it *Pine-Knot Camp*.

"Early on Tuesday we commenced our journey, crossed the Bodcaw, an ugly stream, full of cypress knees, and at six P. M. had reached Dorcheat, and encamped for the night. The whole of this day we were by ourselves, there being no house on the way, a distance of thirty miles. In crossing the bayou at Dorcheat, we were obliged to lay our baggage on blocks to keep it dry, as the water was deep.

"*Wednesday, 8th.*—After crossing several streams and bayous we made thirteen miles, leaving Arkansas and entering the state of Louisiana. On this line we took our lunch, and fed our horses on cane-brake. On encamping for the night, we found the place, as well as the water and food for our horses, so good, that we called it Camp Felicity. We had plenty of bread, butter, milk, and sugar for our tea; sweet potatoes, ham, and a fine piece of *oub* which we purchased on the way. Leaving this place on Thursday, we soon found ourselves in the midst of rain, which fell in frequent showers during the day; but we made sixteen miles, and went into camp, which we called Camp Holly, on account of the holly-trees, which were there in large numbers. It is a beautiful evergreen. We were visited by Brother Frederic Grounds, who assisted us in preparing wood, &c., for the night, and gave us a fine fowl, eggs, and butter. Next day we reached Minden, twelve miles, by one o'clock P. M., and continued on through a fine forest, with no house for six miles either way from our resting-place, which we called Camp Solitude.

"On Saturday we pressed on to Brother Simon Manning's, where we found entertainment till after the Sabbath. In the evening of Saturday a notice was sent abroad through the forest that the bishop would preach next day. We set out in the morning

for the chapel, took our back track two miles, then our right-hand path through forest two miles, and came to the place. It is used as a dwelling, and there is not a particle of sawed timber about the concern. About twenty-five persons assembled, and we had a good discourse, and were refreshed together in the wilderness. The nearest preaching-place is thirty miles distant. There are here fourteen Methodists, nine whites and five colored. The Lord be their shepherd, friend, and guide!

"*Monday*, 13*th*.—We moved on seventeen miles and stopped at Brother Randolph's, who keeps a public house, which was mostly filled with a company of hunters; and there were a few who were returning from Texas. One of these carried a singular weapon, combining the pistol and dirk. On retiring for the night he took this from its sheath; and our little boy, supposing he was in danger of being killed twice—first shot and then stabbed—rushed from the room, and found his way to ours, where he insisted on sleeping. He was gratified, and soon forgot his peril in sleep. This practice of carrying big knives in times of peace, is both savage and reprehensible.

"*Tuesday*, 14*th*.—After making ten miles we reached the far-famed Red River, at Compte, and descended the river seven miles, along the immense cotton plantations. We crossed the river at St. Nicholas Ferry, midway between Grand de Core

and Natchitoches. A little further on we chose a place of rest, and called it Long Moss Camp, as that article was in full length upon the trees. We have traveled nineteen miles to-day.

"*Wednesday, 15th.*—Made twenty miles, and turned into what we called Bay-Tree Camp. The night was windy, and our frail tabernacle shook merrily; but we were kept in safety. Thursday. Slept well, after traveling twenty miles. Friday. Sixteen miles brought us to the Texas line, which we crossed at two o'clock P. M., December 17th, 1841, and went eight miles further, and rested in the Red Land Camp.

"*Saturday, 18th.*—Came on eighteen miles. Passed Milan, county seat of Sabine County, and reached San Augustine, the seat of the conference, at four o'clock P. M. This is the seat of justice for the county of the same name; in latitude 31° 40′, and longitude 17° west from Washington. During our stay here we stop with Brother J. Perkins, who has lately been brought into the fold of Christ."

Here this long and tiresome journey of a thousand miles ends, with the pilgrims safe and happy. They had been on the way since October 4th, and had lodged in their tent twenty nights. What induced them thus to roam? Not the greed of worldly gain, but the hope of increased usefulness

in the Master's service. Truly, there are heroes in the Christian ministry; and the Methodist itinerancy has its full share of them. There is no more sublime spectacle exhibited among men, than that of the self-sacrificing and valiant minister, who presses his way through toils and perils, and ventures health and life in his search after the lost, that he may bring them to Christ.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LABORS IN TEXAS.

Texas Conference — Appointments — Rutersville District — Three hundred Miles to his District — Tent still needed — "Called a Methodist" — Wedding at a Camp-ground — Grave of Ruter — Arrives at Rutersville — In a hired Room — Goods sent back to New-Orleans — Arrives at Austin — Congress — Preaches in Senate Chamber — Introduced to Government Officers — Indians hostile — His Armor — Gonzales — His first Love-feast in Texas — Mustang — Rutersville — Egypt — Extent of his District — Mexican and Indian Outrages — Cannibals — Mr. Clark's Qualifications and Faithfulness — Council of War at a Quarterly Meeting — Effect of the War upon Religion — Some Prosperity — The People's Estimate of Mr. Clark — Concern for the People of Color — Anecdote — "We are not Fly-catchers" — Elected a Delegate to General Conference, 1844 — Transferred to Troy Conference — His Vote in Bishop Andrew's Case — Censured by Texas Conference — His Reply to their Resolution — Pecuniary Loss.

The Texas Conference began its session Thursday, January 23d, a few days after the arrival of our travelers. It was held in the Masonic Hall, which Mr. Clark represents as cold, because of the state of the weather at the time. The preachers were nearly all in attendance, and in good health; all but one taking effective relations. With the aid of the dividend from the Book Concern and Chartered Fund, all received their full claims. The conference was harmonious; and, as the number was small, they finished their work and adjourned on the 28th.

Mr. Clark was appointed in charge of the Rutersville District, which included the following circuits and preachers:

Rutersville, to be supplied.
Austin, J. W. Whipple.
Washington, O. Fisher.
Matagorda, R. Crawford.
Victoria, Daniel Carl.
C. Richardson, President of Rutersville College.
C. W. Thomas, Professor of Ancient Languages.
L. Fowler and J. Hanie, Agents.

After his journey of one thousand miles to reach the new republic, he had still three hundred miles between him and the place of his future residence. As soon as he could get all things in readiness he set forward toward his destination, with his carriage and horses. The second day after the close of the Conference he reached Melrose, and encamped; for he still had use for his tent and furniture. The next day he arrived at Mr. Grears's, where he found accommodations; and at M'Knight's on the night following, where he tarried over the Sabbath. Bishop Morris and Mr. Whipple were still in his company; and they preached each a sermon on the Sabbath, at the camp-ground. The next day Mrs. Clark was very sick; but by using means promptly the disease was arrested. On Tuesday he paid his host a bill of eight dollars, and passed on to M'Lean's, where he

"found a quiet house, a good cook, and a clean bed." He had traveled twenty-four miles; and an equal distance brought him next day to Brother Box's, near Crockett. From this place he passed twenty-seven miles over an indifferent road; saw some twenty deer; broke the tongue, or pole, of his carriage; unshipped, repacked, and arrived near Trinity River, where they put up for the night. He says: "Our host is *called* a Methodist. Fed our team, attended prayers, and retired to rest on the floor. Rose betimes next morning; put in a hickory pole for a carriage tongue; ate breakfast; but no time was devoted to family prayer. No! neither bishop, priest, nor deacon was invited to pray in the morning; but each paid his bill, and put off over the Trinity, having our host for a guide." They went into camp again at night. Next day they reached Mr. Robinson's, where they spent another Sabbath.

On that Sabbath the bishop joined a couple in the holy bands of matrimony at the camp-ground; after which they repaired to the stand, where Rev. Mr. Summers preached a good sermon by torch-light. Next day was rainy and cold, and they kept within; and on Tuesday made a short distance, counting twenty-two deer, which showed themselves to the company. On the following day they traveled twenty miles, and were kindly entertained at the house of Mr. King, who supplied all their wants with hospitality.

Thursday they crossed the Brazos River, by ferry, for a dollar, and after ascending a difficult bank, came to Washington, and inquired for the grave of Dr. Martin Ruter, which they soon found; and after spending a little time in serious reflection and conversation, passed on, and put up with a good member of the Church, by the name of Lynch.

They passed the following Sabbath in a quiet, well-ordered family, and had service morning and evening: the bishop and Mr. Clark both preached. On Monday night they were entertained by Mr. Christman, who, with his wife, was living for a better world, though having large possessions in this. Here the bishop preached in the evening.

On the 19th of January they reached Rutersville, the place where Mr. Clark was to reside while on the district. "This," says Mr. Clark, "is the end of our journey. In all, since leaving Mount Morris, Illinois, we have traveled about thirteen hundred miles, all by land, and no serious accident has befallen us, for which we would be thankful."

Here he hired a small, unfinished room for the present, for eight dollars per month, and also hired a brother, and found him a horse, to ride to Columbia, and inquire after his goods, which had been sent by water *via* New-Orleans.

On the 21st they moved into their hired room, and commenced housekeeping. He says, "Our room

looks naked indeed, but all is well." Here he parted with the bishop, who proceeded to Austin, the capital of the republic. The man who had been sent to Columbia to inquire after his goods, returned with the information, that the firm to which they had been consigned had refused to pay the charges on them, and they had been taken back to New-Orleans. By this unfortunate occurrence he suffered very serious loss. His goods, including his library and papers, were greatly injured, and some of them wholly ruined; and the long delay in procuring their return was a very great inconvenience.

He, however, soon provided for his family, and set out on his visits to the circuits in his charge. On his arrival at Austin he put his horse at a livery stable at a dollar per day, while he was entertained without cost. The Congress of the republic was in session, and he preached in the evening in the senate chamber to a good congregation. He was made acquainted with the president and vice-president, and many members of Congress, all of whom received him very cordially, and expressed their gladness that he had come to exert his influence in the country for its improvement and elevation.

From Austin he directed his course to Gonzales, and found it expedient to arm himself with deadly weapons. The republic was at war with Mexico, and the Indians especially were troublesome and murder-

ous. Travelers were liable to attacks from them at any hour, and many were slain by those stealthy foes. He took a shot-gun and a large pistol, charging each with nine buck-shot; and his companion had a double-barreled shot-gun, with fifteen buck-shot in each barrel. Thus armed, they mounted and pressed on until night, and found a pleasant greeting and good lodgings at the house of Mr. Good. They met with no foes by the way, though two men had been shot near their path the day before.

On Friday, February 4th, they reached Gonzales, where he held a quarterly meeting on Saturday and Sabbath. Here was the first love-feast he ever held in that republic, and he represents it as a good season, though only about twenty attended. In the evening several persons came forward for prayers, and the prospect was good for a genuine revival of religion. Thus he began his work in that field with good prospects of usefulness. On his way home he saw several *mustang*, or wild horses, and a very large number of deer, with which the country at that time abounded. He reached home on the ninth of February, and the following Saturday and Sabbath held a quarterly meeting at Rutersville, the place of his residence. This was a season of great comfort and profit.

His next appointment was at Egypt, Matagorda Circuit, where the good Spirit was powerfully pres-

ent. Here was a society, organized by Dr. Ruter. From this place he passed on to Cedar Creek, Washington Circuit; and before the services closed on Sunday evening, two men and their wives were converted, and went on their way rejoicing.

Here Mr. Clark's Journal ends. It was commenced on his leaving Illinois; and for all that follows I am indebted, so far as the general facts are concerned, to Rev. Josiah W. Whipple, who was one of Mr. Clark's company from Illinois, and who is still in the ministry in Texas.

His district, though it had but few circuits, was an extended territory, including nearly all the settlements then established on the Brazos, Colorado, and Guadaloupe Rivers. The north and southwestern portions formed the extreme outer borders of Protestantism in the republic. This was a remarkable border country, looking out upon Mexico, which still claimed Texas as a part of its own territory, and was determined to maintain its claim by force of arms. Marauding parties of Mexicans and Indians were often committing ravages and barbarities upon the inhabitants. Texas was twice invaded by powerful hosts during the first year of Mr. Clark's labors there, and each time San Antonio fell into their hands. This city is only eighty miles distant from the heart of Rutersville District. The whole frontier was constantly annoyed by the hostile

Indians, whose hatred of the Texans was most intense. They were watching for opportunities to steal, take captives, and kill. Many of them were real cannibals, and delighted to *jerk* a white man, (when fleshy,) and dry his flesh for provision in a future campaign. This was a horrifying thought, that, perhaps, the savages that were prowling about a camp or cabin were feasting on human flesh!

In this state of things Mr. Clark soon learned to carry his implements of war with as much ease and grace as he carried his saddle-bags. On one circuit in his district seventeen men were waylaid and killed. No one knew when he was safe, day or night.

Mr. Clark showed himself peculiarly fitted by both nature and grace for the work before him. His enlarged ideas of the great commission were calculated to urge him on in his arduous work, as well as to sustain him in it. At his first quarterly meeting in Austin he had an opportunity to present the claims of the Gospel before many of the first men in the nation, some of whom had not heard a sermon for years. This he did with an ability which all felt and acknowledged. His sermons on that occasion are often mentioned even until now as model sermons, and as making impressions unusually deep. The Church hailed him as an able minister of the Gospel, while statesmen

regarded him as one calculated to exert a powerful influence in behalf of the nation, both morally and intellectually. Many flocked to hear him, while he preached as readily to the few whom he found here and there as to the hundreds or thousands who listened to his messages in populous places.

On the fall of San Antonio in 1842, Mr. Clark was holding a quarterly meeting at Bastrop, about eighty miles distant, and the news reached that place in the afternoon of the Sabbath. At the close of the service a council of war was held, and Mr. Clark remarked that God had acknowledged the independence of Texas. He exhorted the people to trust in God, and be true to their country. Several of the ministers went to the camp to encourage, and aid, if need be, the defenders of Texas; and for a time the others could do little more than visit the women and children whose husbands and fathers were in the army. In this work they were diligent and faithful, exhorting them to trust in God, and hope for peaceful times. Mr. Clark was always engaged in the great work of his mission, and with some success, even in those times of confusion and distress.

In December, 1842, the conference met at Bastrop, and he was returned to Rutersville District. This year also was one of great trouble in Western Texas. The struggle with Mexico continued, and

the hostility of the Indians seemed to increase; but, in the midst of all, the work of the Lord prospered. Several camp-meetings were held, at which many were converted, and crowds of backsliders were reclaimed, for there were hosts of the latter class. The emigrants had, many of them, lost their first love on the way to this country; and such was the excited state of the public mind, and the state of morals in the absence of the ministry and the ordinances of the Gospel, that apostasy had been the order of the day.

Mr. Clark exerted all his powers in behalf of religion, and in doing good of every kind. The people had the utmost confidence in his piety and good judgment, regarding him as a man sent by the Lord to help the Church in that new country. It was at the camp-meetings especially that he convinced all of his great anxiety for the salvation of the colored people. He often went to their side of the encampment, and joined with them in their prayer-meetings, exhorting the sinner, aiding the pious, and praying for the penitent. By his example in this matter he inspired the same desire in the hearts of his preachers, and they gave a full share of attention to those humble ones.

At one of those prayer-meetings there was a colored girl who was crying for mercy, and the presiding elder and other ministers had labored in

her behalf until they were utterly weary, and had retired to their tent to sleep; but the girl continued her cries without much regard to sentiment, or to the instructions which had been given in relation to faith in Christ. An old colored woman came to the presiding elder, and asked if she might "talk to dat gal." He told her it was his desire that she would do so. She went to the girl, seized her by the shoulders, and shook her smartly, and said to her, "You gal! what dat you doin'? Just shet up your mouth and open your heart; and hasn't the Saviour said, 'I will come in dare?' Now just try it." And it was but a moment before the girl was happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven. Mr. Clark said, "There, see how simple, and yet how true, and how wisely said. That old woman beats us all in preaching Christ. Let us learn from this."

At one of his camp-meetings a young preacher had been speaking from these words, "Ye will not come to me that ye may have life." He was rather pointed in his remarks against those who are fully convinced of the reality of religion, and its importance to their well-being, and yet will choose the world in preference to Christ. Some of the sinners were displeased with the sermon; and an old preacher was rather inclined to reprove the young man for his pointed remarks; and said he "had always found

honey better than vinegar to catch flies with." Mr. Clark, who was resting on a mat of prairie grass in the tent, rose on his elbow, and said, "We are not fly-catchers." Nothing more was said, but the young preacher felt very grateful for the remark, and concluded it was proper to preach both the invitations and threatenings of the Gospel. He has many warm friends in Texas; and his labors the following year, at Galveston, were appreciated and successful. The poor could welcome him with confidence to their humble fare; and the rich and refined delighted in his society. He was a favorite with both preachers and people.

Mr. Clark was elected delegate to the General Conference, which met in New-York in 1844, and had found it necessary to send his family to the North in search of health, in advance of the time of his leaving. The delegates from the Troy Conference united in a request to the bishop to transfer him to their conference, since it was not prudent for his family to return to that southern climate. The bishop granted their request, and he was again found with us in the North.

The connection of Bishop Andrew with slavery produced an amount of excitement unparalleled in any General Conference; and it spread like fire through the whole connection. In the final vote on his case, Mr. Clark was with the North, and in favor of the reso-

lution which declared that Bishop Andrew ought to cease to exercise his office so long as he should be connected with slavery. The action of Mr. Clark was received by the Texas Conference with decided disfavor; and at their next session they expressed their view of his course in the following terms:

"*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this Conference that the Rev. John Clark, one of our delegates to the late General Conference, entirely misrepresented our views and sentiments in his votes in the cases of Rev. F. A. Harding and Bishop Andrew."

To the above, Mr. Clark offered the following reply, through the Christian Advocate and Journal:

"RESOLUTION OF TEXAS CONFERENCE.

"REV. DR. BOND,—For several months past I have been aware, that on account of my vote in the late General Conference, in the case of Bishop Andrew, my old friends in Texas, in sundry resolutions, had handled me pretty roughly. However, I had pretty much come to the conclusion that, feeling perfectly confident in the correctness of my course in the matter, I should suffer all persons, or as many as chose to do so, to censure and denounce me to their heart's content without reply. But since the Conference, whose delegate I was, have taken formal action in the case, I have concluded that to remain longer silent might be thought either a confession of the wrong alleged, or disrespectful to the brethren who have deemed my vote in the premises matter of such magnitude as to demand grave Conference action.

"Some time previous to this action of that Conference, the friends in Washington Circuit, Texas, at a quarterly conference, 'resolved' that I had 'grossly abused the trust reposed in me.'

Now, had these kind friends taken time to breathe long enough to define the trust I am charged with abusing, it is quite probable their vote, or resolution of censure and denunciation, had been withheld, or would have been of an entirely different character. To this grave charge I enter the plea, Not guilty; and will simply remark that, as a delegate of the Texas Conference, I did not understand, or suppose, that I was charged with any trust or agency that would go to break up the usage of the Church for the last sixty years, by sanctifying slavery in her bosom, in casting a vote to sanction its connection with the episcopacy. Therefore, as no such trust was reposed in me, I did not abuse it. But I suppose those friends, and perhaps others too, felt chafed at the doings of the General Conference in the case of Bishop Andrew; and as my single vote contributed to the offensive result, I must be denounced as a traitor to my constituents. Well, they had the whole matter to themselves, to say and resolve what they pleased, with no one to say, 'Why do ye so?'

"I have often regretted that it was inexpedient, on account of family afflictions, for me to return to Texas at the close of the late General Conference, that I might have met there all the responsibility my vote in the case involved; but not having this privilege, I will just say to those friends, Say all that is in your hearts in regard to me, and my vote in the case of Bishop Andrew. I shall not be offended. I know your situation, and I sympathize with you.

"But to the resolution adopted by the Conference. The plain, common-sense import of that resolution I conceive to be this:

"*First.* That the Texas Conference, in December, 1843, when I was elected one of its delegates, had a full understanding of the case of Bishop Andrew.

"*Secondly.* That at that time the Conference had taken its

position, and formed its 'views and sentiments' in regard to the whole matter in dispute.

"*Thirdly.* That these views and sentiments being known to me, I was charged with representing them on the floor of the General Conference.

"This I conceive to be a just analysis of the resolution. How such a resolution could have been adopted by such a body of pious, thinking men, as the Texas Conference, is to me perfectly unaccountable. The Texas Conference understood the case of Bishop Andrew, and formed its 'views and sentiments' in the case in December, 1848. How preposterous! But all this is positively necessary to make out the charge of misrepresentation, as alleged against me; for that Conference had no meeting from December, 1848, until January, 1845, several months after my vote was cast. And yet I am charged with having 'entirely misrepresented their views and sentiments.' Surely this resolution '*entirely misrepresents*' the truth in the case. Not that the Conference, or any one of its members, would designedly charge me falsely; but that their resolution does this is as plain as the sense of the words they employ.

"It was perfectly competent for the Conference, had they considered it necessary, to 'Resolve that, as the sense of this Conference, we cannot sustain the position occupied by Rev. John Clark, one of the delegates to the late General Conference, in his vote in the case of Bishop Andrew.' This would have been a plain declaration of 'views and sentiments' *as then formed*, and no exceptions would have been taken. But to charge me with 'entirely misrepresenting their views and sentiments,' when, as a conference, they had no views in the case, and could not instruct me, is entirely fallacious, as well as discourteous and unkind.

"Those brethren well knew at the time this resolution was adopted, that when the vote was called for, on the resolution of Rev. J. B. Finley, I desired to be excused from voting. I

stated my reasons to the General Conference, but they refused to excuse me. There was, therefore, no alternative left me but to stand up to the question, and vote as my conscience dictated; or, in contempt of the Conference, retire, like a coward, beyond the bar. This last I could not do. In casting my vote, I was governed by the following considerations, namely:

"*First.* It had been the policy or usage of the General Conference since 1784, so far as could be determined by its public acts, to keep the Episcopacy free from slaveholding.

"*Secondly.* This policy was specially prominent, and distinctly maintained, and fully understood, in the nomination and election of Bishop Andrew.

"*Thirdly.* Bishop Andrew having departed from the ground in regard to slaveholding, which he occupied when elected, and the occupancy of which secured the election to him, in preference to another, who occupied opposite ground in *this* matter; I say, as Bishop Andrew had thus changed his position, a position of grave concern in the minds of a majority of the General Conference in 1832, when he was nominated and elected, there was, to my mind, a strong obligation resting on him, both in *honor* and *moral principle*, either to refrain from the exercise of his office, or wholly free himself from connection with slavery.

"*Fourthly.* Bishop Andrew stated in my presence, among other things bearing on the question, that he supposed there were some twenty-two or twenty-three conferences that would not submit to have a slaveholder preside over them; that in view of this, he was inclined to resign his office, as he could not bear the thought of being the occasion of a division of the Church. The last sentence was uttered with much feeling, and made a deep impression on my mind. All these considerations were distinctly present to my mind when I voted in the case. Nor did I misrepresent the views of my conference, for, *as such*, they had no views in the matter; and at that time they

had scarcely been informed, even as individuals, of the point at issue; nor did I 'grossly abuse my trust.' No, sir; I repel the charge.

"But what was so peculiar in the position I occupied, that in my case alone there has been formal conference action? Other brethren occupied ground equally peculiar and isolated, in regard to their conferences and their colleagues. Still no conference action has been had, no formal vote of censure has been passed in regard to them. Is the hated abolition, North and West, more liberal and magnanimous than the 'noble, high-minded South and Southwest' in matters of this nature? Who shall decide? I will leave it for the scenes that have transpired in regard to Church division, since July last, to render up the verdict.

"But is there not a cause? Must not every man be suspected as an enemy, as grossly abusing or disregarding the rights of his brethren, who dares, in the councils of the Church, or in the halls of legislation, to utter a word, or do an act, that shall have a tendency to disturb the quiet or threaten the permanence of 'the peculiar institution?' Here is the pinch. Aside from these influences and fears, I am cheerful to declare I know no people more liberal minded or cordial in their treatment to all well-accredited strangers, than the people of the South and Southwest.

"With an expression of these 'views and sentiments,' I take my leave, for the present, of my Texas brethren, and of their singular resolution.

"Yours truly,

"JOHN CLARK.

"WEST POULTNEY, VT., *April*, 1845."

I cannot but regard this reply as a triumphant defense of himself against the accusations of his constituents; and if they have seen that defense, it would

seem as if their own view of the points involved must have received essential modification. Still our views, both North and South, may be influenced, to some extent, by our stand-points and the circumstances surrounding them.

Mr. Clark suffered considerable pecuniary loss in Texas. In addition to the damage inflicted on his household effects and library, he lost quite a sum by trusting other men. He had a little real estate and his traveling establishment, and these were sold on credit. Payment has never been made; and as the debt is outlawed, there is no hope that his heirs will ever recover their due. But if the debtors can live and be happy without paying those just claims, so can the creditors without receiving them!

CHAPTER XIX.

LABORS IN THE TROY CONFERENCE.

Poultney District — Some Change in his Style of Preaching — Discursiveness — Its Causes — Often preached with Power — A Camp-meeting Sermon — His Horse stolen — Sensible Reply — A characteristic Act — A homely, but forcible Illustration — Troy District — Acceptability and Usefulness — Letters to Rev. Mr. Bourne — Heterodoxy inferred — His Explanations — Pledge — Recall of the Pledge — Truth lies between Extremes — Labors at Hudson-street, Albany — Devotion to his Work — Not largely successful — Reasons — Mental Attainments — Albany District — Faithful — Devoted — Competent — Beloved.

Mr. Clark left New-York on the adjournment of the General Conference in 1844, and came directly to the Troy Conference, which held its session as soon as practicable after its delegates were released from duty. He was received with the utmost cordiality, for many of the members had known him well in former years, and regarded him as a valuable accession to their body. He was appointed presiding elder of Poultney District, and soon had his family pleasantly located in the village of West Poultney, Vermont, the seat of the Troy Conference Academy, which was then in a flourishing condition, so far as the department of instruction was concerned.

He entered upon his work with his usual earnest-

ness and cheerfulness, and was well received on all the charges in his district. It is but just to remark here, as it is intended to give an impartial and truthful account, that, in some respects, he was not exactly what he had been in former years. In his piety, devotion to his work, and soundness in judgment there was no failure, no decrease. In his urbanity and courteous Christian deportment, he was all he had ever been; and no man was more successful in winning the respect and esteem of others. It was only in the pulpit that he appeared to the least disadvantage, when compared with the John Clark of earlier years. And, surely, this was a comparison by which most preachers would have suffered. But it was in only one respect that there was any indication of change to be regretted. He had acquired the habit of *discursiveness*. For many long years his fields of labor had been large, and his mind had, to some extent, shaped itself in accordance with the peculiar work in which he had been engaged. On this account there was more of diffusiveness than of condensation in his sermons; and, while there was no lack of strength or warmth, there was sometimes a little want of unity and point. Still, these peculiarities were not of sufficient extent to constitute any valid objection or ground of complaint; and his visits to his charges on quarterly meeting occasions were always hailed by the preachers and people with cord-

ial delight, and they proved profitable to those who attended.

But while truth requires the above statements, it is also due to the reader to be told that Mr. Clark not unfrequently preached with the unction and effect of his best days, and with a directness and unity equal to the greatest of sermonizers. There was one demonstration of his power and excellence as a preacher, which, among many others, will show that he could yet excel. A verbal account has been given me by a minister who was present, and heard the sermon.

At a camp-meeting held on Poultney District, a sermon was preached by a professor from a certain literary institution, which took captive the whole assembly. It is represented as being one of the greatest and best they had ever heard; beautiful in structure, lofty in conception, convincing in argument, and almost resistless in application. Such was the effect upon the preachers present that no one could be induced to preach the next sermon. Each felt sure that any attempt which he could make would be a comparative failure, and hence the audience would suffer loss. In this peculiar strait, the preachers importuned the presiding elder to preach, and their united petition prevailed.

His sermon was nearly two hours long, and the interest increased even to the end. The arrangement, the argument, the illustration, and the application

were all masterly. The attention was arrested and held, the judgment convinced, the emotions excited, the holy resolve was aided; and, in fine, the sermon produced, in an eminent degree, the effect which Gospel preaching anticipates. The people were on their feet, crowded together, on either hand and in front of the stand, with their faces up-turned, and tears flowing, utterly unmindful of all except the gracious words which flowed from the preacher's mouth. And thus they were held, as if under the power of fascination, or rather of Divine influence, while the clear and full sound of the speaker's voice went ringing through the forest like the tones of a trumpet. No sermon had been heard in that region which would compare with this for thrilling, mighty effect. None were unmoved, for saints and sinners felt that they had an interest in the Gospel message—the great salvation. Even the previous sermon was comparatively forgotten, and the increased power of faith in the Church, together with the deeper conviction of sinners, rendered it easy to preach during the continuance of the meeting. Some elderly brethren who had known the preacher in former years, said, "That is a specimen of John Clark as he was when he traveled Plattsburgh District."

While on a visit to a remote circuit, his horse was stolen from the stable in the night; and neither horse nor thief was ever found. He could ill afford the

loss, for the animal was a valuable one, and his funds were low. There were a few persons in one locality in his district who were strong believers in mesmerism and clairvoyance; and they had obtained the services of a silly or wicked girl, to whom they applied as often as they desired information from the place of shades. One Methodist was, for a time, almost a believer in the humbug; and he asked Mr. Clark why did he not apply to the clairvoyant for information concerning the whereabouts of his horse. And he received the following sensible and pious answer: "Because I do not believe in employing the devil to hunt up the Lord's property."

While on this district he visited, in the discharge of his official duties, the scenes of his youth; for his field included the place of his former apprenticeship, and the locality of his second birth. In one of the circuits he held quarterly meetings in a church, which was in part, at least, indebted to his influence for its erection. Many years before, he was on a visit to his friends in that place, and exerted himself to induce the people to build a house of worship. Before leaving, the enterprise was determined; and he took an ax, went into the forest, and felled the first tree from which timber was taken for that house of God. This was characteristic of the man, both as to desire and effort for the promotion of the cause of Christ.

It was at one of his appointments on this district that he used an illustration which the hearers cannot easily forget. He was discoursing on the subject of beneficence, and urging Christians to do good with their property in their lifetime, instead of deferring the matter until death, and by will devoting their wealth to benevolent purposes. After showing that they can do this business more readily and surely themselves than by their executors, and may also enjoy the luxury of doing good, while they shall be witnesses of the happy results of their liberality, he introduced the illustration.

He said that he knew of but one kind of domestic animal that was wholly useless during lifetime. The horse and the ox perform very useful labor; the cow yields her milk, the sheep her fleece, and the fowls their eggs. But the *swine* is of no use while he lives; he can be turned to no account until he is dead!

The illustration, though homely, is forcible, and easy of application; and let him who ought apply it to himself.

Having labored two years in this field, he was transferred to the Troy District, which at that time was vacant. Here his labors were highly appreciated during the two years of his service. While nothing of very special interest occurred, there was general prosperity, and universal satisfaction with him who was at its head. This last I have had ample opportunity

to know. His name is held in glad remembrance, and his many excellences are often mentioned by the people.

While here, as well as at other times, he corresponded with his old associates in the West, and in the Indian work. I have been favored with some letters which were written to Rev. Milton Bourne, who was some time connected with him in the mission work. From these I shall give some extracts, as specimens of familiar epistolary correspondence; and also as declarative of his views on some questions of great interest at the time.

"Dear Brother Bourne,—I received your very kind and cheering letter, for which I give you many thanks. It is always pleasant to hear from my old and well-tried friends; and to correspond with you will be agreeable to me at all times.

"I was happy to learn that you were saved the disagreeable necessity of putting your veto on Bishop Soule, by the wise arrangement made for Bishop Morris to attend your conference. But the Buckeyes stood up with Roman firmness. They positively refused to proceed to business with Bishop Soule in the chair, after he had formally given in his adhesion to the Church, South; stating that in case they should organize on an independent basis, he should be happy to reside among them, and exercise the episcopal prerogatives. All honor to the 'Buckeyes,' whose

sense of propriety and dignity revolted at the idea of still recognizing him as one of our bishops. This is as it should be, and the history of the future will applaud the deed. Bishop Soule has been full of pro-slavery, or rather high Southern feelings, for the last twenty years. Well, let the South have him.

"As it regards the South having a part of the capital of the Book Concern, that question will be settled by another, namely: 'Are they a coördinate branch of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or are they entirely separate from, and independent of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America?' If the former, then no division of the property is called for; they can share in the proceeds of the Concern as heretofore. But if the latter, then are they a secession to all intents and purposes? editors, doctors, and bishops to the contrary notwithstanding. And if a secession, then, surely, they have forfeited all legal, if not all moral or equitable claim. However, I hope the next General Conference will act in wisdom and righteousness in the final determination of the matter. If the approaching General Conference of the Church, South, endorse the High Church notions of Dr. Bascom, in regard to the episcopacy, and his ultra views as to the Scriptural character of American slavery, then, indeed, the Methodist Episcopal Church will not own them as a legitimate branch of the great Wesleyan family.

You have seen, I suppose, what the British Conference did in reference to one of the Southern ministers, who desired a seat in their late body as a spectator. The Lord reigns; and if we leave all to his wise and holy guidance, being faithful to our trust, then all will be well.

"As it regards my return to Rock River Conference, I am just as much at the disposal of the episcopacy now, as when I went to Green Bay in 1832. You know that I am at home in almost any place where I can do good. I rejoice in the prospects of our Church in the West, and of the cause of sound education. I suppose your seminary will soon be out of debt. Lord, hasten the time.

"Our district is rather on the rise in spiritual things: some conversions, some backsliders reclaimed, and quite a number have, of late, professed perfect love."

The allusions to certain persons and questions, in the foregoing extracts, are not given with any desire to revive unpleasant recollections, but to show, as is due, the views of Mr. Clark in the premises. The property question has been determined; but on principles entirely new, not to say alarming, in American jurisprudence. But let that pass.

Although the Buckeyes would not suffer Bishop Soule to preside over them, after he had given in his adhesion to the Church, South, yet he finds spirits

more congenial; and it is hoped that his tottering steps may be safely directed down life's declivity, and that sin may not be imputed to him.

Another letter to the same brother contains the following:

"My long silence may seem to indicate that my old friends are forgotten, or less appreciated than in former years. But it is not so; yet to give you all the reasons for delay would fill a large portion of this page. Well, let them pass for what they are worth, and imagine any number you please, such as a busy presiding elder might offer.

"I rejoice that the good bishop and his advisers have counted you worthy the office you now fill, and trust that the expectations of your friends will be more than met, in the success that shall crown your efforts on the Ottawa District. I trust you enjoy much comfort in the work in which you are engaged.

"I often think of my former fields of labor, and the scenes of interest connected with them, as well as of those brethren beloved who were associated with me in my labors in the West. Those years I reckon among the most interesting of any in my ministry. But they are past, and their record is gone up on high. It would afford me much pleasure to visit those parts again; say, take a trip to Lake Superior, to Mackinaw, Green Bay; and so

on, down South, and call on Rev. Milton Bourne. Yes, it would be a treat indeed. But when shall I enjoy it? Ah, that is the question.

"Mrs. Clark often talks of laying her bones somewhere in the Rock River Conference; and if she had comfortable health, would be willing again to take up her residence in a log-cabin for the good of Israel. We know what frontier scenes are; we loved them once, and love them still.

"I expect to reside in Troy next year, if I retain the district, or the district retains me. Well, Brother Bourne, I love religion still. I enjoy myself well in the work, and am bound for the port of endless rest."

While laboring upon this district he was, for the only time in his life, suspected of unsoundness in doctrine. There were some among us who, as Mr. Wesley said of others, "so described the corruption of heart in a believer, as scarcely to allow that he has dominion over it, but rather is in bondage to it, and, by this means, they left hardly any distinction between a believer and an unbeliever." To correct this error, and arrest the tide of evils which legitimately flowed from it, Mr. Clark preached a sermon, which was regarded by some as heterodox, and the passage of his character was arrested at the next session of the Conference. He had more copious notes of that sermon than he usually pre-

pared, especially on the point in dispute, and in delivering the discourse he was careful to *read* all that portion.

It was stated and argued in the manuscript, *that all the elements of holiness are implanted in the regenerate man;* and, in answer to the question, whether he believed that *any sin remains* in the believer, he said, "Taking sin in accordance with the apostle's description of the 'carnal mind,' (enmity against God,) I believe it does not remain in regenerate men."

After considerable informal skirmishing, the case was dismissed, on his giving a written pledge that he would not teach the sentiment, which was excepted to by his brethren; and at the next session of the Conference he withdrew his pledge, and had his withdrawal entered upon the journal. He chose to be like his brethren, free from special pledges, but responsible to the Conference for his future course.

Extremes beget extremes, and on this principle many good men have been repelled too far. But, with his explanations and definitions, how far was he from the truth? Are not *all the elements* of holiness implanted in the regenerate soul? How many, and which ones, are withheld? Does *real* "enmity against God" dwell in the believer? It is true, as Mr. Wesley says, "The state of a justi-

fied person is inexpressibly glorious;" yet a state of entire sanctification "exceeds in glory." And they who describe the justified man as a wretched sinner, err as really and as injuriously as do they who include in a justified state entire purity from inbred sin. The first error leads many to suppose themselves justified when they ought to be under conviction, like other sinners; and it induces many to think they are wholly sanctified, when they are again forgiven, and *restored* to a justified state.

At the close of Mr. Clark's second year on the Troy District, the officiary of Hudson-street Station, in the city of Albany, importunately asked for his services, and he was appointed to that charge in 1848, where he continued two years. The author was stationed in that city during the same time, and had very good opportunities of becoming well acquainted with him. Those years were not among the happiest ones which he had known. He made no complaint against the society or the official Board, and there was no cause of complaint. He was sustained and beloved, but was not very successful. The truth is, he was not exactly adapted to that station; and he told the bishop in council, that he was not the man for that kind of work; that his life had been a rambling one for the last twenty years, and his preaching had been as rambling as his life. He expressed his conviction that, when

he should leave the district, he ought to have a good-sized circuit to work back upon. He had been accustomed to the Indian country, the great lakes, the broad prairies of the West, and extensive districts in various portions of the work; and to contract his range of thought, to condense and combine, so as to conform to the tastes and wants of a city congregation, to which he must hold forth two and three times each Sabbath-day, was difficult, and, perhaps, impossible for him; at least this could not be done suddenly, under the circumstances, and yet allow him to enjoy a sense of freedom from mental and spiritual embarrassment.

No man was ever more laborious or faithful, and none was better calculated to promote the financial interests of the Church, and every branch of enterprise felt his skilful hand, and shared in his fostering care. He was also faithful as an administrator of discipline, and watched over his flock with all the care and solicitude of a good shepherd. He was a kind, yet firm administrative officer, and kept the society in a sound and healthy state. He believed that the minister who expels the greatest number from the Church is not the best administrator; but rather the one who *saves* the greatest number without scandal to the Church.

His labor was not in vain, for some souls were given him as seals of his ministry; and the piety of

the Church had evidently increased. He left many strong friends in that station; and it is believed he made not a single enemy. His influence was felt in the community for good, and he was universally respected. The nobleness of his bearing and the generosity of his heart, caused one to remark facetiously, that if he should ever have an enlargement of the heart it would surely kill him, for it was now as large as he could contain.

It was during those two years that the writer became acquainted with Mr. Clark's mental attainments, which were very respectable. His knowledge of the English language was thorough, though he had never acquired any other. He was well read in mental and moral science; had a very good knowledge of Natural Philosophy, Ancient and Modern History, and Geography; had carefully studied Church History and Theology; and kept himself well posted in relation to the events and men of the times, as well in other countries as in our own.

At the expiration of his legal term in Hudson-street, he was put in charge of Albany District, on which he labored two years; and as the presiding elder was located in the city of Schenectady, and the writer was stationed there, we were near neighbors during two more years of our ministry. Those years served to bind our hearts still more closely in the bonds of Christian friendship. Never were there,

perhaps, two ministers, who were not related by family ties, who were more familiar and unrestrained in their social intercourse; and it is but simple justice to say, that he was one of the most agreeable and interesting Christian companions that I have ever found.

As in all his fields of labor, so in this, he was respected and esteemed. Every interest of the Church was supervised in due season, and with efficiency. No toil was considered too great, and no sacrifice too dear, for the prosperity of the Church. He was one of the best chairmen in quarterly conferences that I have ever known. He seemed born to command without appearing to exert himself to govern. It was easy and natural for him to preserve order, both day and night, at camp-meetings, where some "lewd fellows of the baser sort" are apt to congregate. His appearance and manner seemed to inspire, even in such persons, a conviction that "discretion is the better part of valor."

We all loved the man; and when, at the end of two years on the Albany District, he took a transfer to the Rock River Conference, we realized our loss, and could acquiesce in the arrangement only on the ground of equality; being willing that his valuable services should be enjoyed, in part, by other portions of our common Zion.

CHAPTER XX.

STATIONED IN CHICAGO — SICKNESS — DEATH.

Transferred to Rock River Conference — Adaptation — East and West — Growth in Grace — His Influence — Biblical Institute — Mrs. Garrett — Difference of Opinion — Anecdote — His Sickness and Death — Letter from Dr. Bartlett — His Funeral Services.

As stated at the close of the former chapter, Mr. Clark was transferred to the Rock River Conference in 1852. This was done at the earnest and importunate request of several leading members of that conference, who had known him intimately in former years; and it proves that they regarded him as a man of no ordinary qualifications, a valuable acquisition to their body.

Having made his arrangements, visited some of the family connections, and taken leave of many warm friends in the Troy Conference, he arrived in Illinois in time to take an appointment, and enter upon his work at the close of the session of the above-named conference. His appointment was Clark-street Station, Chicago; the largest and most responsible station in the city, and perhaps in the Conference. He entered upon his work like one whose youth and commission were both renewed; and it is believed that

he had, at no period of his life, been more efficient or useful in his ministry. The field of labor and the endowments of the laborer were happily adapted to each other. For though this was a city station, it was a Western one; and while it may be difficult to define the difference between a station in the East and one in the West, it will not be denied that characteristic differences exist.

In point of general intelligence, it is believed that neither can envy nor despise the other; it is not in this that they differ. But in the West there is more of energy, of restless activity; more of length and breadth; there is a vastness, a magnitude, which in the East is unmeasured and unknown. The rapidity of the growth of Western cities and towns, with the attendant spirit of enterprise and progress everywhere visible in that region, may be regarded as prominent traits, which distinguish it from the East. "Young America" has made his footprints in the soil, and stamped his image upon the institutions, and breathed his spirit into the minds and hearts of the West. And Mr. Clark, although his head bore some of the "blossoms of the almond-tree," yet retained the warmth and glow of youth, and was furnished with a largeness of comprehension, and a breadth of design, in harmony with the aspirations of the Western masses. And if there was an amplitude and discursiveness in his ministrations, which

to some compressed Orientals would appear objectionable, these were exactly in keeping with the views and preferences of the enlarged Occidentals.

In all the relations which he sustained to the people of his charge, and to the Church, Mr. Clark was both faithful and beloved. His public ministrations were considered as of a high order, above the ordinary range, and were more than acceptable to the large numbers who waited upon his ministry. Every institution of the Church was remembered in its season, and its designs aided and advanced by his efficient coöperation. In his pastoral work he was faithful and skillful. His intercourse with his people in their families was marked by kindness, sympathy, and urbanity, which always rendered him the welcome guest in every house. Especially was he the comforter of the afflicted and bereaved; to them his presence and his prayers were as balm to their bleeding hearts.

It is probable that at no period in his life had his religious state been better than while laboring at Clark-street. He was growing in grace, and "abounding in love yet more and more." A brother who had known him in the East, having occasion to pass through Chicago, called on Mr. Clark, and spent an afternoon in familiar intercourse. On his return, he mentioned to the writer his happy recollections of that most eminently *religious* visit. This report was

made while Mr. Clark was in good health, and, of course, without any reference to his early departure from his friends and his labors.

During the summer of 1854, which was that in which he left us for a higher position, the cholera prevailed extensively in the city and among his own people; and this circumstance made heavy demands upon him for pastoral labor. In that work he was "instant in season and out of season," hastening to point the sick and dying to the only Saviour, and to obey the apostolic injunction, and weep with those that wept. No doubt there are many who will always remember with gratitude and profit, the timely and kind condolences and counsels of that affectionate pastor.

I am assured by a minister in Chicago, that Mr. Clark was not only respected and esteemed by his brethren in the ministry there, but that he was regarded as the chief counselor, in whose judgment they could safely confide, and whose advice was sought in every important enterprise. While his own charge received his first attention and regard, he was yet earnestly solicitous for the prosperity of the whole Church in which he was a minister; and every measure which promised to aid it in its holy purposes received his sanction and coöperation. Nor was his desire for usefulness confined within those bounds. He was ready for every good word and work by

which the best interests of the community could be promoted. He was a true philanthropist, and the world was none too wide for his desires, nor the race too numerous or varied for his sympathies. Were they white, red, or black, their wants and woes found a ready response in the throbbings of his great heart.

It ought to be known, that the "Biblical Institute" at Evanston, near Chicago, is somewhat indebted to the Rev. John Clark for its existence. Mrs. Eliza Garrett, a wealthy widow of a late mayor of Chicago, was a member in Mr. Clark's charge. This excellent Christian lady formed the noble purpose of leaving a large property to some worthy institution of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the avails of which should be appropriated to aid our young ministers in acquiring the desired educational qualifications for their high and holy work. This lady consulted her pastor, and sought his advice in relation to the object and mode of her beneficence; and through his advice and influence the "Garrett Biblical Institute" was founded, with an endowment by that noble woman, of *one hundred thousand dollars!* Both the founder of this Institute and her adviser have gone to the world of rewards; but the Institute will live to bless its thousands, even in coming generations, and it is fitting that both their names should be held in veneration.

There may be, and is, a difference of opinion among good men and ministers in our Church in relation to the utility of such institutions; and the writer has no desire to enter upon the discussion of the subject. Such discussion is not in place in this work. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Clark was the steady friend of education during his whole life, and that he had large experience in the struggles of a youthful mind thirsting for knowledge, with none to aid him, none to open the fountain, and conduct him thither. His share in securing to the West the above-named institute, is at least evidence of his strong desire for the mental improvement and efficiency of the ministry of our Church; and it is for the purpose of showing this that the facts are recorded.

There is no doubt that such institutions may fail to be useful; nay, that they may become injurious. But that they *must*, or *will*, prove hurtful, is mere assumption, with no proof or probability to sustain it. The writer was once in company with several doctors and other divines, with only Rev. John Clark and himself as the representatives of Methodism. The doctor who took the lead in conversation, was at the head of one of the old colleges in the empire state; and this same doctor had, but a few days previously, objected to all Methodist colleges and schools. He regarded it as our sole business to get the people converted, and pass them over to others to be educated!

He was answered somewhat as he deserved to be answered, and became silent. But on this latter occasion he chose to deal less at *wholesale* in his objections to Methodist schools, and said:

"Mr. Clark, I think your people are making a mistake in establishing theological schools; their results will not be beneficial to the ministry and the Church."

Mr. Clark replied: "I know not on what ground you base your conclusions, unless it be on the experience of your own denomination in the premises."

"That is it," said the doctor; "we made better ministers before we had such schools than we have made since. In putting them through the theological course, we have put some things into them which ought to be left out, and taken out some which ought to be left in."

"I do not doubt that," replied Mr. Clark; "but we intend to avoid those evils, if we can; and with the experience of your denomination, both to warn and guide us, we think we can succeed."

This silenced the doctor, and the conversation took another turn.

But, in the midst of his usefulness and activity, the destroyer came, and his work was finished! He had erected a house at Aurora, about forty miles from Chicago, and his family had gone there to reside; and to that place he doubtless looked, as

to a retreat, when his years of active labor should terminate.

Rev. J. W. Agard has kindly furnished some statements, from which the following account is gathered. Mr. Agard was the pastor of the church at Aurora, and witnessed the death of Mr. Clark at that place.

On the last Monday in June, 1854, Mr. Clark met the trustees of Mount Morris Seminary at Mount Morris, in the annual meeting of the Board. Such was the embarrassed financial condition of the seminary, and such its pressing liabilities, that it was necessary to hold a night session of the Board, as well to devise means for the relief of the seminary, as to enable the clerical members to reach their charges before the following Sabbath. Mr. Clark was chairman of the meeting, which continued through the whole of Thursday night. Though he was then suffering under primary symptoms of cholera, and was often advised to retire and take a little rest, yet he constantly declined, and remained at his post until daylight, and by his suggestions and plans showed his deep interest in the condition and prospects of the institution.

At an early hour on Friday morning, June 30th, in company with Rev. Messrs. Watson, Agard, and Judson, he took the stage for Rockford, twenty-four miles, on his way to Chicago. This ride was

in the heat of a June day, and very fatiguing. From Rockford he took the cars for Chicago, where he arrived the same evening, and sent word to his wife at Aurora that he would visit her the next week.

He preached as usual on Sunday, July 2d, but with considerable fatigue, and rested on Monday and Tuesday. On Wednesday and Thursday he attended to his pastoral work, which had become very arduous, on account of the prevalence of the cholera, and on this account he gave up his purpose of visiting his family; but on Friday morning his friends and physician induced him to rest a few days at Aurora. He was much wearied by the ride in the cars, and kept himself quiet on Saturday. On the Sabbath he appeared improved, and the family attended church; after which he requested his son to write, at his dictation, a sketch which he had meditated, on "Occupy till I come." This was his last sermon, and how literally did he obey the command!

On Monday morning Rev. Mr. Agard called to see him, and had a long and pleasant conversation in relation to the interests of the Church in Chicago, and the conference generally. Though he still had cholera symptoms, he expressed his purpose to return to his work in a few days. In the evening Mrs. Agard, the wife of the pastor, visited him,

and found him remarkably cheerful, yet urged him not to return to the city until he should fully recover, as the cholera was so prevalent. He replied: "O, sister, I have no fears of cholera, and I want to be at the prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening."

He rested well on Monday night, but on Tuesday morning the cholera attack became very violent. A physician was called, who remained during the day. The disease, at first, appeared to yield, so that by noon he was apparently out of danger. But soon there was an alarming change, cramps seized him, attended with extreme pain, which lasted two or three hours. He now saw the importance of arranging his temporal affairs, and with much effort dictated his will, by whispering a sentence at a time. This occupied nearly two hours, and the effort produced great weariness.

When it was remarked to him that his work was nearly done, he quoted the oft-repeated and truthful words, "God takes away his workmen, but carries on his work." He rested for a little time in silence, and then calling his only son, he said, "My son, I want you to be a scholar, a Christian, a dutiful son, and a kind brother to little Emma." This is an adopted daughter whom they found in Troy, N. Y., and took with them to the West. In reply to questions asked by Brother

Agard, he said, "It is all peace; I love God, I love the Church, I love all men."

At eight o'clock P. M., a friend arrived from the East, whom he at once recognized, and inquired after her welfare. He then desired the pastor to lead in prayer once more, saying, "If there is no change for the better in an hour, I shall be in the spirit-land." He joined fervently in the devotions, turned on his left side, placing his hand under his head, took an affectionate leave, severally, of his family and friends, and calmly resigned his spirit to his God,

"And ceased at once to work and live."

The following information is contained in a letter to Mrs. Clark, from Dr. Bartlett, the physician who attended upon Mr. Clark in his last illness. Although it contains some items which are recorded in the preceding pages, yet I cannot do better than insert it in the language of the doctor:

"RESPECTED MADAM,—In compliance with your request to state what occurred in my attendance upon your husband, during the lamentable attack which terminated his earthly labors, I ought to premise, that probably many words and wishes were uttered by the deceased, which as 'last words,' or as the sentiments of one holding his station of influence among his fellow-men, were indeed worthy of preservation, but which the lapse of time has left too feebly impressed upon my mind to secure the necessary accuracy in their statement. And you also appreciate, that the

incessant attention with which it was necessary for me to watch his symptoms, and administer medicine, rendered me not a very close observer of his language, except as it might address me, or serve as a clew to the progress of his disease. Therefore many things, in which I was not personally or professionally interested, no doubt escaped me.

"On the 9th July, 1854, your son called me to his father, on account of an attack of dysentery, from which he was partially recovering. On my arrival he stated the particulars concerning his illness: of his having been under the care of Dr. Smith, of Chicago, for dysentery; of his leaving the city very reluctantly, at the urgent request of his friends—reluctantly, on account of the importance of his duties there. But he conceded that it was best that he should, for a few days, retire to the bosom of his family here. He informed me that he had been subject to these attacks of dysentery, after which he usually lingered, more or less, with a mucous diarrhœa, which he considered to be his present condition.

"'Now, understand me, doctor,' said he, 'I consider the dysentery to be cured; but I am now suffering my usual sequel—a very slight mucous evacuation. I am out of medicine, and thinking a change of prescription might be advisable, I preferred to have you call and examine my case. Perhaps I might get along without more medicine, but I cannot afford to lose time unnecessarily; and so, doctor, I want you to cure me up, so that I can get back to my work, in Chicago, next Wednesday. What do you say, doctor, can I return to Chicago on Wednesday next?'

"After a careful grouping of his symptoms, I saw nothing specially discouraging; and endeavored to clearly penetrate the case in reference to the stealthiness which sometimes marks the approach of cholera. I therefore expressed the necessity of caution, in returning to Chicago too soon. I suggested that, in the energy with which I supposed he devoted himself to his calling, he might not, if he returned so soon, give suitable con-

sideration to the bodily wear which sickness had imposed upon him. He replied by quoting, 'What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;' and again expressed the desire to be at his post as soon as practicable.

"I called again in the afternoon, and found him with every indication of true convalescence: in no pain; his mind clear, and disposed to cheerful conversation. And after again endeavoring to satisfy myself that there was no danger from the prevailing scourge, and giving suitable instructions, I left him.

"In a somewhat lengthy conversation which I had with Mr. Clark during this day, I found his mind stored with an extensive and varied knowledge, well arranged for a useful and active life. And I was especially surprised by the extent and accuracy of his observations on the laws of life and health; which I noticed the more, because I have thought they were too apt to be overlooked and despised by those who are mainly devoted to the spiritual education of mankind.

"Monday, July 10th, I called in the morning, and found Mr. Clark improving. He thought, as I also did, that he would soon be off the sick list; and he again spoke confidently of returning to Chicago by the time specified. Some remarks, however, about himself, awakened my apprehensions of the possibility that the cholera *virus* might still be lurking in his system; and I questioned him so closely that he perceived the drift of my thoughts, and playfully remarked:

"'Don't be afraid of the cholera, doctor; I am not the least afraid of having it: I have been in the midst of more cholera than you have, and know all about it. I have none of the symptoms of cholera; so set your mind at rest on that score.'

"My mind was not, however, at ease, until I had stayed by him several hours, and watched all the indications that could be drawn out; and especially in hope to see the character of his alvine evacuations. But finding nothing to justify my

anxiety on this account, I administered as his case indicated, and left him. I think I did not see him again that day; but learned that he continued to improve, and slept well at night, without any disturbance from the bowels.

"Tuesday morning I was sent for, and hurried to him, only to find an attack of the cholera of intense severity. At about seven o'clock this morning he experienced an urgent *tenesmus* and rumbling in the bowels, and arose, and went out. He had not returned to the house many minutes before it was necessary to retire again. On both occasions there were excessive watery evacuations, which, after fourteen or sixteen hours of complete quiet, were too ominous to be neglected. On my arrival his vomiting was also very frequent; yet, from a survey of all the circumstances, I believed I might, with the Divine blessing, yet rescue him. I therefore did not name his disease to any one at that time. This belief seemed to be justified; for, under the action of medicines which have been attended with remarkable success in such cases, at half past eleven o'clock A. M., his vomiting and purging had ceased. A little past noon I discovered premonitions of the cramping stage; and though to the friends present he seemed to be improving, I thought he was conscious of an internal change; and he for the first time asked this question:

"'Doctor, what do you call my disease?' I suppose he saw some hesitation in my manner, and he continued: 'I am prepared for any announcement. It will not excite me at all; not in the least. I am prepared to go whenever I am called; tell me; I promise you I shall be calm.' I answered his question. 'Do you think,' said he, 'that I can recover?' I informed him that probabilities were against him. As I said this, he turned over on the couch, and said, in gentle tones, 'I knew it. Thank God, I am prepared; my work is done sooner than I expected. "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness.'"

"For several minutes after this, silence reigned in the household, while he evidently communed with his Maker by mental prayer. He then took hold of your hand, as you were reclining over him, and conversed with you. Then turning his eyes upon me, and seizing my hand very warmly, as I approached him, he said:

"'I hoped to be soon with my people again, but God wills otherwise; his will be done. I have nothing to fear.'

"He also spoke of the preciousness of religion, and passed some words with friends, which I did not distinctly hear, or am unable to recall.

"Mr. Clark called for his son, who had, by my advice, retired for a little rest; also for Mr. George Waterman, who was sent for, and soon arrived. He desired his son to write to some friends, while he dictated.

"After this he dictated the substance of other writings to Mr. Waterman. These writings occupied perhaps three hours, at the close of which he was wearied, but not exhausted. He then settled into a quiet state for half an hour, when a warm, copious perspiration broke out upon his body, such as I have seen to be the precursor of recovery; and from this circumstance I allowed myself to hope that his disease would be conquered.

"At this time he again conversed in short sentences with his friends, though in a whisper. He said to me:

"'Doctor, I don't know the state of your heart; but let me recommend you to seek Jesus.'

"Again, a little later, he said: 'I am safe th ough the atoning blood of Christ.'

"It was, however, with great effort that he could speak, even in whispers; and he did not often make the attempt. Two hours before dissolution, he passed into a state of partial collapse, from which there is no recovery. He was conscious of his state, and whispered his knowledge of it, and without doubt retained his

senses to the last. A few minutes before he breathed his last, he whispered in my ear, as I placed it close to his mouth, 'It will soon be over; but my dear Redeemer will go with me through the valley of the shadow of death.'

* * * * * * * * *

"In conclusion, madam, I regret the meagerness of my account of an event so sadly interesting to your heart, and hope that from your own memory, and from the recollection of the friends present, you may collect the most of what transpired during that solemn scene which deprived you of a faithful companion, and the public of an earnest Christian laborer.

"Respectfully yours,

"A. R. BARTLETT.

"*Aurora, February* 27, 1855."

Thus died this good man, so suddenly yet safely, on the eleventh day of July, 1854, aged fifty-seven years. His body was carried to the grave the next day, and consigned to its resting-place in the Aurora Cemetery, to await the resurrection of the just. The funeral services were attended on the next Sabbath, at the Methodist Episcopal Church in Aurora. The sermon was delivered by Rev. J. W. Agard, to a large and sympathizing audience, from the appropriate words of the Psalmist: "*Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.*" This was followed by an address by Rev. J. V. Watson, editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, embracing a sketch of the life and labors of the deceased.

A funeral sermon was also preached in the Clark-street Church, of which the deceased was pastor, by his old and highly-esteemed friend, Rev. J. Sinclair, at that time presiding elder of Chicago District, from 2 Timothy iv, 7, 8.

This was followed by an address from Rev. J. V. Watson, who gave an analysis of the character of Mr. Clark. The audience was large, and the occasion one of intense interest. A Church in mourning for a beloved pastor is a spectacle which has few parallels. Long will that pastor live in the hearts of his people!

The nature of the disease, and its rapid progress, precluded much which, under other circumstances, would have rendered the death-scene peculiarly interesting. But while it is painfully pleasant to treasure up the sayings of good men, uttered in view of the slow, but steady approach of death; and while such words may be useful in teaching us how to die, they are not indispensable, even to the comfort and assurance of surviving friends; and the case before us needs them not beyond the brief ones recorded. The suddenness of this death, together with its attendant evidences of the readiness of the departing one, renders it eloquent in warning, and "very full of comfort" to his many and affectionate friends.

"How many fall as sudden, not as safe."

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUDING CHAPTER.

Mr. Clark's personal Appearance—Mr. Clark as a Friend and Companion—His Piety—Mr. Clark as a Pastor and Preacher—As a Missionary—As a Presiding Elder—As a Legislator—As a Husband and Father—Conclusion.

And now, reader, we have followed John Clark from his infancy to his grave, covering a period of fifty-seven years; we have seen him in childhood, poor, toiling, but cheerful; we have marked his early conviction for sin, and his youthful devotion to God; we have traveled with him from the tan-yard to the circuits, stations, and districts, and traced his course as the red man's friend, across rivers, bays, and lakes; we have measured some of his long journeys through forests, over prairies, and across the portages which lay in his course; we have marked the progress of the fatal disease, and lingered round his dying couch, and listened to his whispered words of faith and hope; we have sympathized with his weeping charge and his desolated family.

It now remains for us to take a brief survey of the man in his various relations and characteristics.

In his personal appearance, Mr. Clark was interesting and striking. His height was about five feet nine or ten inches, with ample breadth and fullness of chest; his shoulders were broad, and his whole form erect and straight; he was never corpulent, but always full and round in muscle, indicating great strength and solidity.

His countenance was open and pleasant, as is seen in the likeness in this work, and which is very true and expressive. In this we see a fine mingling of firmness and gentleness, of courage and kindness. It is pleasant to look into those mild blue eyes, and that noble forehead indicates a good *intellectuality*. Indeed, his whole countenance shows a grouping of those qualities which we instinctively admire.

As a friend, Mr. Clark was true and faithful. None ever accused him of betraying the confidence of friendship, or of the absence of enlightened and tender sympathy. And few men have had a larger number of friends, for they are found in all the regions over which his labors extended. Such was the power of his genuine friendliness, that he unconsciously drew to himself the esteem of all classes with whom he associated, from the refined and polished to the poor and untutored. The red men of the Northwest loved and revered him, and there are those among them who still remember

him with very strong affection. His were not the momentary likings of a childish fancy, but the intelligent friendships of a Christian man, and hence they were strong and abiding.

He was the pleasant and agreeable companion, whose society was enjoyed with true relish. While his conversation generally was instructive and profitable, it was yet cheerful and lively, and sometimes facetious. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and occasionally contributed to the innocent mirth of the select circle.

He was a truly devout man, though he seldom spoke of his own personal religious state. His whole life was a convincing proof of his uniform piety. He was mighty in prayer, and communed much with God, suffering no ordinary circumstance to interfere with his regular devotions. During his whole course there was great stability and fixedness of purpose in serving the Lord.

Some may have supposed that his alleged heresy, as mentioned in a former chapter, was evidence of a low state of grace, a limited Christian experience; but, perhaps, there is a secret in this matter, which, if it can be found, will repay the search. It will be remembered that his conversion was remarkably clear, and the witness of the Spirit direct and convincing, especially after his second struggle in prayer, which occurred in the bark-mill. From

that hour he was *wholly* the Lord's, as is seen in all his life, and in his peaceful and confiding death. And who can prove that he did not love the Lord with all his heart? And may not his own deep and uniform piety have led him to adopt the sentiment referred to? This is certainly more charitable than the opposite conclusion, and I am inclined to think it is much more probably true.

I would much sooner take the even and useful tenor of a minister's life, as evidence of deep piety, than the mere declarations of his lips. When I trace the course of a preacher of the Gospel through *thirty-four* consecutive years, and always find him about his Master's business, his spirit ever kind and sweet; when I find him cheerfully devoting the most of those years to the hardest and most self-sacrificing toils to which a minister can be called, and when I find the blessing of the Lord attending his labors, I am constrained to believe that he is endowed with no ordinary degree of piety. These, rather than *shibboleths*, I regard as indubitable proofs.

As a pastor, he was excelled by few. I include in this idea something more than a mere religious visitor, though pastoral visiting is an important part of ministerial duty. In this he was by no means deficient. The author was Mr. Clark's neighbor in the city of Albany, N. Y., in 1848

and 1849. The latter was a cholera year, and when most of the ministers took leave of absence during the sickly season, he was one of the few who remained at their posts; and his attention to the sick and suffering in his own charge, and often beyond his charge, gave evidence of his faithfulness in duty, and his sympathy with the suffering.

But a pastor is a shepherd, and he will attend to his flock according to their wants and his own faithfulness. As a pastor, then, the minister has something more to do than to call at the houses of his parishioners at stated and regular intervals, that he may converse and pray with them. He must go after the straying, correct the erring, confirm the wavering, strengthen the weak, and succor the tempted. In performing this work he will sometimes find it necessary to bring the wholesome rules of the Church to bear upon delinquents and offenders, for the wise shepherd knows that diseases are often contagious, and that it is better to remove the incurably sick members from the flock, than that all become infected. In all these departments Mr. Clark was faithful, judicious, and kind.

In his preaching, it has already been remarked that he was not uniform. He sometimes rose far above the ordinary level; and yet there were times when he failed to meet the expectations of his friends. Some instances of his extraordinary pulpit power are

recorded in this work, and others have come to the knowledge of the writer since those pages were written. Still, there were times when he appeared to labor under peculiar embarrassment. The writer once heard him under such circumstances; and though the sermon was well arranged, and the subject familiar, yet his mind labored intensely, and the current of thought seemed to be strangely obstructed. In the *early* and *latter* parts of his ministry he greatly excelled. Before his entrance into the Indian mission work, he was regarded as a preacher who had few equals; and after having retired from that work a sufficient length of time to readjust himself, he again became "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures."

While occupying that peculiar field, his manner must, of necessity, conform to the nature of his work. His preaching was mostly done through an interpreter; and his style must be adapted to the capacities of his hearers. Perhaps those of us who have had no experience in this matter, can scarcely conjecture to what an extent such a state of things will affect a man's public addresses. Some time was necessary for his full recovery from their influence.

For the missionary work, Mr. Clark possessed several very eminent qualifications. His vigorous frame, which in health scarcely knew weariness, was an essential pre-requisite to the work in the

Indian country. He must labor with his hands to prepare himself a habitation, and perform long journeys through the forest, or in a frail canoe over the rough waters; his fare must be coarse and uninviting, and his couch the hard ground or the snow-bank.

That work also required great firmness and courage; for he had not only to deal with the elements, and to brave their opposition, but to establish and sustain schools and missions in places where the chiefs were hostile to such enterprises. To overcome or withstand their jealousy and hostility, and carry forward the great work, required not only skill, but firmness and courage. These were qualities which he largely possessed; and, joined as they were with prudence and address, they were successful.

His wisdom and caution were called into exercise in the mission-field. His views, desires, and plans were on a large scale; but they were regulated by that wisdom which never forgot the state of the treasury nor the stand-point of the Church. As he cast his eye over the vast field, his soul expanded; and he hoped to see the united fires of missionary stations sending out their light from the tops of the Rocky Mountains. He longed for the establishment of schools, which should educate converted young red men, and send them forth by hundreds, all over that wide pagan land. But he knew that the Church at home saw

not that field in the light which aided his vision; and he constrained himself to wait, yet crying to the Head of the Church, "O Lord, how long?"

He loved the missionary work; and I have reason to know that, had the health of his family permitted, he would have remained during other years,

"Toiling to cultivate Immanuel's land;"

and had his services been continued, and the Indians retained their lands, there would have been a whole people civilized and Christianized long ago. As it was, many of those children of the forest were brought to the Lord; and some of them have welcomed their spiritual father to their heavenly home, and others will greet him there in due time.

As a presiding elder he had long experience, having traveled Plattsburgh, Chicago, Mount Morris, Rutersville, Poultney, Troy, and Albany Districts. He was esteemed by his preachers as an able minister, a good administrator, and a faithful friend. As has been seen elsewhere, he was well qualified to conduct camp-meetings, and insure their success. His devotion to the interests of the work inspired both ministers and people with the spirit of piety and labor; and his camp-meetings were generally seasons of great interest and spiritual profit.

At one of them, held in the north part of Plattsburgh District, the rain fell almost incessantly after

the first day; and as the soil was clayey, the mud became deep as well as adhesive. Large quantities of straw were procured and scattered about the ground; and while all outward things were calculated to inspire gloom and discontent, the presiding elder, by his constant cheerfulness and untiring energy, kept up the spirits of the people and incited them to labor in behalf of souls. About one hundred were converted at that meeting, although there were but two or three sermons delivered from the stand during its whole progress.

In the bishop's council Mr. Clark evinced his soundness of judgment and nice discrimination. He was an excellent judge of men, and could readily perceive the presence or absence of those qualities which must determine the question of adaptation to given positions. There was a nobleness and generosity observable in his spirit and conduct in the stationing work. His soul was too large to be confined within the limits of his district, and he looked over the whole work with impartiality and candor. Those who have met him in council, will remember the aid which his sagacity has afforded to his perplexed colleagues when they could see no light.

As a legislator he was trusted and honored by his brethren, being elected to represent them in every General Conference, (except in 1836,) from 1832 to 1852 inclusive. In 1836 he was in a kind of

transition state between the New-York and Illinois Conferences; and it would have been strange if he had been elected by either.

In the highest judicatory of the Church he served with fidelity and competence. His place was often on the most important committees, and his attention to business was direct and incessant. He was an able and safe legislator, for he was a *conservative progressive*. If this looks like a paradox, it is still true. There was a blending of the two elements, which by their union did not neutralize, but modify each other. It was not the mingling of the acid and the alkali, which produces a mixture both tasteless and useless, but a union of caution with bravery; the one stimulating to action, and the other directing that action in the right course, and restraining it within proper limits. It is believed that he never failed to favor every onward movement which was safe, nor ever advocated any measure which tended to evil or peril.

His domestic character claims a moment's notice. The peculiar relations which he sustained to the Church, with their corresponding duties, kept him much from home; and this may have led some to suppose that he was wanting in domestic qualities and sympathies. But he loved a quiet home, in the bosom of a loving family, as well as other men. When absent from home, engaged in the work

assigned him, his mind turned toward his little family, and his letters breathed the spirit of affection, while his prayers were fervently offered to their common Father in behalf of "the loved ones at home."

Mrs. Clark had long been an invalid, suffering greatly from a severe nervous affection; and it had been the desire and study of her husband to secure that quiet and rest which the case seemed to demand. It was his custom to consult her in all matters relating to their temporal condition, and to adjust them in accordance with her desires. Before consenting to acquiesce in the desire of the brethren of the Rock River Conference, to become a member of that body, he laid the case before Mrs. Clark, assuring her that he would take no step in advance of her consent and choice. In all his home intercourse, I am assured that he was actuated by that spirit of kindness and affection which rendered him so estimable in the view of all his intimate friends.

As a *father*, he was all that could be desired. When his little daughters were taken away, the one at Plattsburgh, and the other at Sault Ste. Marie, he felt and wept like a father, and to his surviving son he was the faithful and tender parent to the last. That son, in a letter to the author, says:

"My duties, which are unusually taxing, and to

whose faithful performance the dying advice and sacred memory of my dear father are summoning me, have not allowed me time to write as I would desire; and even now I have but a moment that I can call my own, so that I cannot speak as I would like to of the feelings I experienced at my father's death, and of some of the thoughts and recollections which are often, in consequence of it, awakened in my mind."

"I wish I could now tell you what I think of my dear father, as it respects all the elements which made up his character. During the latter years of his life the most perfect confidence existed between us, and there was no man in whose society I half so much delighted. He admitted me to all his plans and purposes, and shared with me many of his inmost feelings. Few can imagine how I felt when I saw that he was gone!"

But had he no faults? Doubtless he had, for he was a *man;* but they were very few compared with his many excellences. And if the writer and reader should unite in an effort to discover and drag them to light, it is believed that neither their number nor magnitude would repay the search.

Some men, who began their career under circumstances similar to those which surrounded him, have excelled in some things. One became a riper scholar, another amassed immense wealth, and yet

another led powerful and victorious armies to "the field of blood," and each has received his reward; but small is the number of those who have toiled more bravely, or endured more patiently, or lived more circumspectly, or blessed the race more extensively than John Clark.

All who knew him will subscribe to the remark of a clergyman of another denomination who formed his acquaintance,

"He was nature's nobleman."

THE END.

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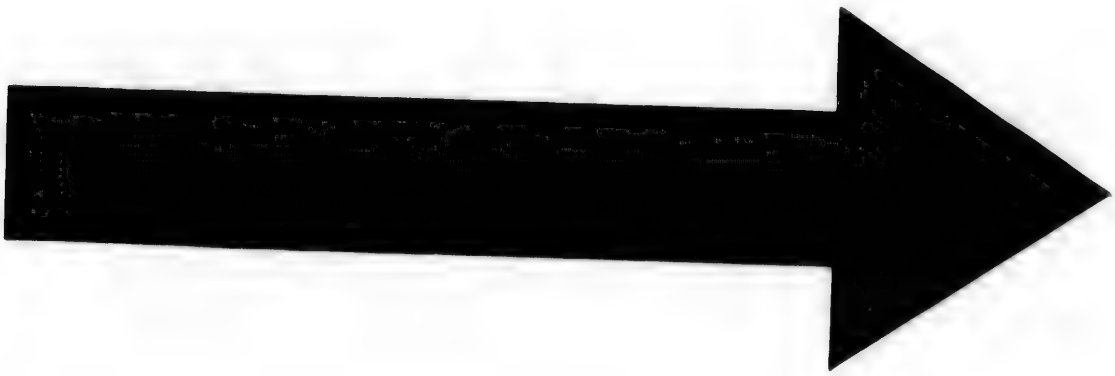

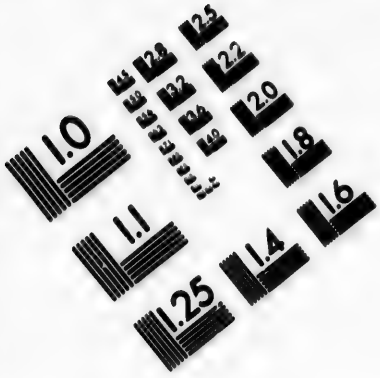

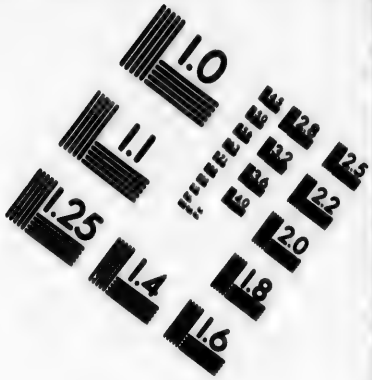

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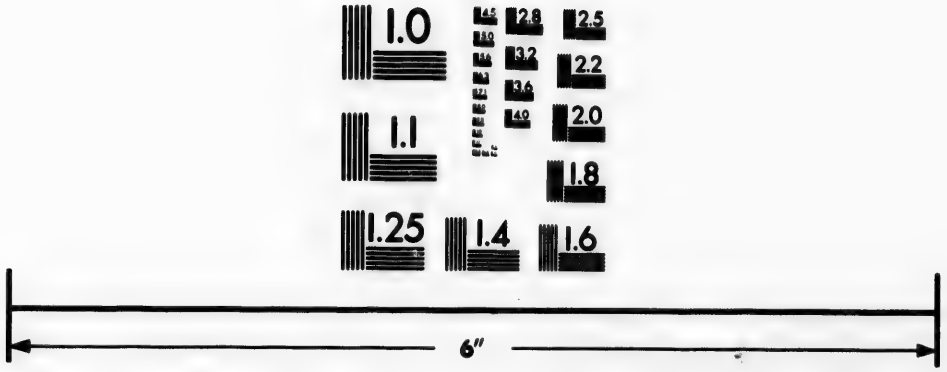

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